

# THE FABULOUS '60s ISSUE

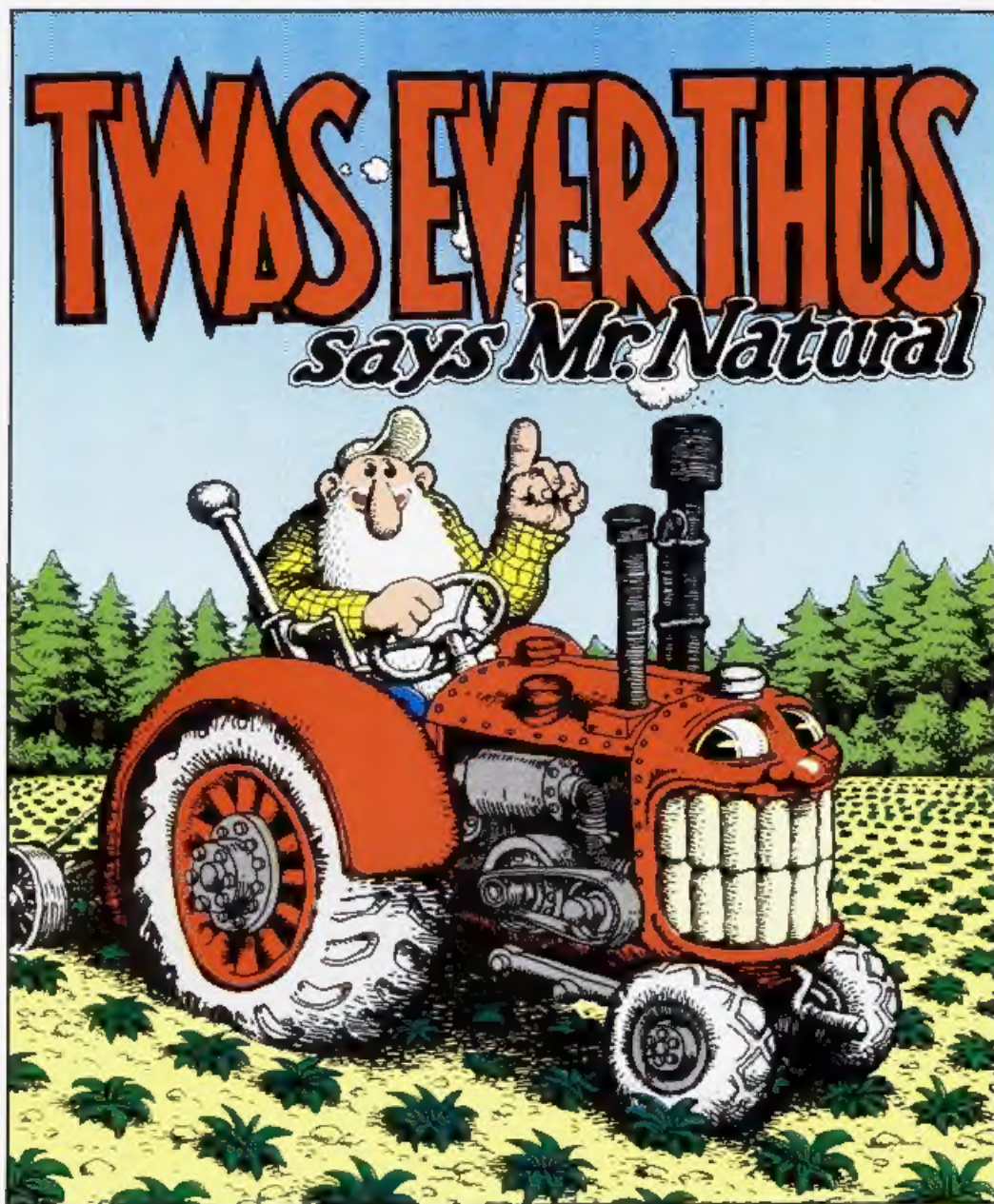
# HIGH TIMES

K48427

JUNE 1983

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## OUR NINTH ANNIVERSARY



**FEATURING:**  
**R. CRUMB · ALLEN GINSBERG**  
**DICK GREGORY · THE BEATLES**  
**PAUL KRASSNER**  
**MIKE BLOOMFIELD ON COPPING**  
**& "REEFER MADNESS"**



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# HIGH TIMES

No. 94 June '83

## FEATURES

Cover Illustration • R. Crumb

### Interview: Dick Gregory by Bob LaBrasca

Successful entertainer turned American dissident, Dick Gregory has been a major force for social change in America these past 20 years. His involvement in the civil-rights movement led him early on to protest the war in Vietnam, which in turn led him to run for the presidency in 1968. His perceptions of the people, places and things of the '60s, and the historical continuum upon which they've been conveyed into the 1980s, are tailor-made for our special '60s issue.

### Tales of the Zen Bastard by Paul Krassner

The more things change, the more mileage satirists get out of comparing what they once were to what they are now. Take Paul Krassner, for example. With a bloodhound's nose for irony, he can sniff through the '60s and track down the most telling of paradoxes. Abbie and Jerry, John and Yoko, Bob Dylan, Lenry Bruce, Tim Leary and Charles Manson—they're all here. Guaranteed to make you wince—at least a couple of times.

### Messianic Mind Spray by William Levy

Swinging London, psychedelic London. During the mid '60s, London was the capital of the world. Girls wore gobs of eye makeup and Mary Quant fashions; guys dressed in Edwardian outfits and perfumed their hair. In fashion, films, music, art, what was happening in London was happening. As editor of *International Times*—Europe's leading underground publication in the '60s—William Levy lived, worked and played among the trend-setting natives, and 18 years later, files his report.

### Centerfold: Yesterday's Papers

### Reefer Madness: The Rise of Harry J. Anslinger by Larry Sloman

"The sprawled body of a young girl lay crushed on the sidewalk the other day after a plunge from the fifth story of a Chicago apartment house. Everyone called it suicide, but actually it was murder. The killer was a narcotic known to America as marijuana... It is a narcotic used in the form of cigarettes, comparatively new to the United States and as dangerous as a coiled rattlesnake..." —From the twisted mind of Harry J. Anslinger.

## HIGHWITNESS NEWS

How Coke Probe Missed Vitas Gerulaitis... Texas Pot Trap Shut Down... Smugglers Scuttle *Marimba* Freighter... Scientists Debunk Starch-Blocker Myth... Take Feverfew for Fast Relief... Thai Leaders Balk at U.S. Poppy Plot.

### Trans-High Market Quotations

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**42** **Copping**  
by Michael Bloomfield  
as told to Larry Sloman  
Michael Bloomfield loved life but needed drugs—that was his tragedy. Among the avalanche of young musicians who came of age during the '60s, his playing will endure and nurture upcoming generations. In "Copping" he recalls some of the more memorable anecdotes in a lifetime of scoring drugs on the road.



**52** **I Remember the Sixties**  
by R. Crumb  
Once a vital and imaginative power whose work gave form and expression to a decade (for many people, R. Crumb was the '60s), our author now spends his days in quiet contemplation within the donnish confines of his suburban library. Lost in a nostalgic reverie of good times and easy sex, he recalls those bygone days, and, at the prodding of his pet capitalist pig, expiates freely on the mysterious "dream with th' centaurs".

**62** **Songs of the '60s Experience**  
by Allen Ginsberg  
Selected, and with a specially written introduction by their author, the poems presented refract the major events of a decade, transforming them into shards of prophetic observation. Occasional verse for the touchstone moments in all our lives.



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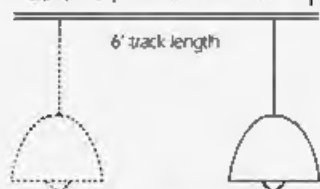
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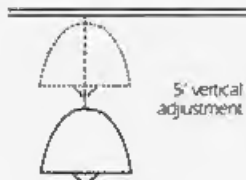
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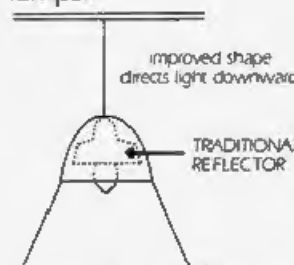
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## A Good Read

Editor:

Just finished reading the conclusion of Dean Latimer's "The Road to Albe-marle" (HIGH TIMES, Feb. and Mar. '83), and all I can say is Yee-haaaah! Man, that is writing. Between this piece and "R"'s "Raiders of the Lost Gold" installments, you guys are laying claim to a whole new literary genre—resurrecting the old "true" adventure format with a controlled substance twist—dope fiction. Very entertaining, very well written and very appreciated.

—Charles Rourke  
Billings, Mont.

## A Good Mystery

Editor:

Look, I know you guys run a one-horse operation, so you have to economize where you can, but what is this anyway?

Don't you realize that despite your much-publicized battle of the biggies between "R" and Dean Latimer, you aren't fooling anybody?

Ha! Do you think your readers are blind? They'd have to be not to notice the stylistic devices both writers use constantly. The same self-congratulating arrogance of their supposed expertise; the same insistence that obviously fictitious tales are true; even the way they both use words is similar. "We smoked the rest of the rice-paper joint. Her eyes took on a distant look—" Sounds like a line from one of Dean's short stories, but is it?

Everybody who's read two copies of HIGH TIMES all the way through knows that Latimer is also "R," so why don't you just let Dean actually sign the damn articles? What? You don't know that... Ooooh, so Dean's been collecting two paychecks, huh? Well, you're still not fooling anybody, Dean. At least not the guys at the Justice Department.

—A Literate Reader in  
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dean Latimer replies: *It's true. Every now and then, because of some ill-sublimated childhood trauma, "R" will go into a state of fugue and write something with the "Dean Latimer" by-line. This is*

*a dark and bloody secret that "R" has been keeping under wraps ever since the first "Latimer" stories he wrote for the East Village Other back in 1967. In fact, everything under the "Dean Latimer" by-line is really the secret work of "R." It is a painful thing to talk about. "R" even goes through a horrible physical trans-mogrification at such times, shrinking three inches in height and sprouting a Viva Zapata mustache, twitching about and stuttering "Right right right" and "Whoof" and "Shee-yit" for no discernible reason, and speaking in a weird North-country blend of Appalachia twang and Scotch-Canadian burr. The amazing thing is that no one has caught "R" at this, ever, despite all my attempts to bring this to the attention of our employers. "You're wasting money," I tell them. "Either pay me or pay 'R,' not both." But they just laugh, the fools. Thank you for bringing this fraud to their attention, Literate Reader.*



## Wreckless Driver

Editor:

I thought this picture might tickle your fancy. I know when I came across this sign in Dunkirk, New York, I almost lost control of my Volkswagen bus. Maybe some of your readers will find it just as affecting.

—Bobby Kirkham  
Jamestown, N.Y.

## Performance Anxiety

Editor:

Re: Your March '83 article, "I Was a Teenage Performance Artist." Well, once I went to see one of these so-called performance artists and boy, was he something! He had this huge wooden bowl which he placed in the middle of the stage, and then he asked

everybody in the theater to come up and spit in it. Then he picked up the bowl and drank all the gob right down. Afterward, he took questions from the audience, and bit the head off a live rat. To me this was neither much of a performance, nor art, and I'd much rather listen to "Stairway to Heaven," even if it gives people the impression that I'm an uncreative boob.

—James Sawyers  
Sarasota, Fla.

P.S. By the way, though I don't like performance art, I enjoyed the article.

## Auteur Attack

Editor:

Who's Mike Wilmington anyway? I love movies, and make it my business to see just about every one that shows around these parts. Last week I traveled to Abilene (over 150 miles), on Mike Wilmington's say-so, to see *Come Back to the Five and Dime, Jimmie Dean, Jimmie Dean* (see "The Eleven Best Films of 1982," HIGH TIMES, Mar. '83). I figured it was my only chance to see a real classic film about Texas, like *The Last Picture Show*, starring Ben Johnson. What I got instead was a chopped-up story about a bunch of boneheads who couldn't last five minutes in a real Texas town. What a rip-off! Later I found out that the director, Robert Altman, was the same guy who made *Nashville*, to my mind, one of the all-time stinkers. How come your film reviewer, Mike Wilmington, likes this guy Altman so much?

—Bill Cummins  
San Angelo, Tex.

Michael Wilmington replies: *Sorry you didn't like the movie—but I really didn't describe it as that kind of "Texas classic." And, speaking of Altman, maybe you'd be interested in the opinion of Peter Bogdanovich—who directed your favorite, The Last Picture Show—on his colleague: "Altman keeps the screen alive as very few directors today can; he is idiosyncratic, perverse, contrary, daring, resourceful and exciting. You may disagree with him, but his talent is undeniable... An artist like Altman... should be free to go wherever their talent takes them."*

As we were nearing deadline, we received the following communication from our resident Dirty Old Man, Charles Bukowski, in lieu of his monthly contribution. In July, his column will resume its regular form.

Hello Razzo;

Got the Feb. and March issues, fine, read my stuff several times. I liked it. I'm good.

If you hear from Drew Friedman please tell him I liked his illustrations much. He's got the old touch.

Man, I don't think I can do a column on the 60's... I've already written about my days at the Freep and Open City, and meeting Neal Cassady. I just don't want to go over that ground again because that would be squeezing it and the writing would be flat. So let me out of that one. Most of the 60's I was sitting on a postal stool 5,6 and sometimes seven nights a week for 11 and one half hours a night. They burnt me at the stake. I only had a vague idea of the 60's like I've only got a vague idea of the 80's. Somebody else is going to have to tell me what's happening.

That Blackflower sounded bad to me.... Lucky your dick didn't drop off... Mine might as well for all the little I use it.

I hear youse guys iz snowed in... hope you got something to drink....

oh yes,

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## "What did you do in the '60s, Uncle Dean?"

"Well, I got laid for the first time. Busted for the first time. Drafted, teargassed, robbed, shot at, stoned. Got stoned a *whole* lot in the '60s. Got the clap in the '60s: Vietnamese clap, dripped like all sticky hell, took a month of tetracycline twice a week to get rid of it."

"Geeeee. Sounds like *heaven!* Were you in the war?"

"No, honey, I told 'em I was a faggot and a dope addict, and they believed me. That was right down on Whitehall Street in New York City, too, where they *specialized* in drafting guys who pretended to be faggots and dope addicts. So I beat the whole U.S. Selective Service system, see. 'Cause I really wasn't a faggot and a dope addict. Not yet, anyway."

"Boy. Didja know the Beatles?"

"Not so's to talk to by first names, honey. But I knew Mike Bloomfield here. Sweet little old blues guitarist. Big handsome wide-hearted junkie, Mike Bloomfield. Dead now; some say of a hot-shot square in the mainline. If you want to know how we thought about dope in the '60s, you read Mike Bloomfield's thing here. Wouldn't hurt to put on some old-fashioned Dylan music, too—'Like a Rolling Stone'—best thing he ever did, with Bloomfield playing a majestic lead guitar. Want me to see if I can score some pot for it?"

"We grow our own these days, Uncle Dean. *Better.* Didja know R. Crumb? Didja know R. Crumb?"

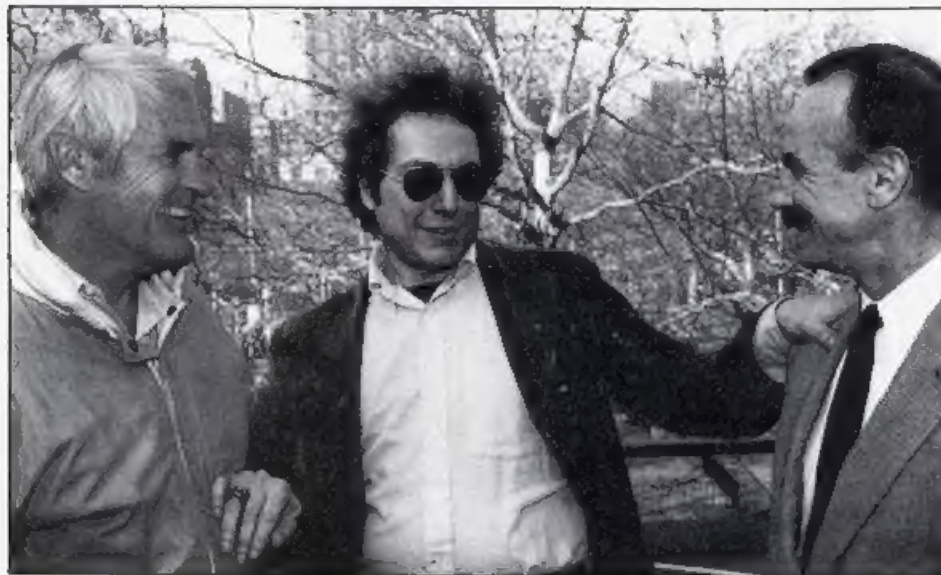
"He slept in my bathtub, honey. In the East Village, in the summer after the Summer of Love, R. Crumb slept in my bathtub. Big bathtubs in those railroad flats."

/ continued on page 13



Uncle Dean Latimer

Jack Abraham



William F. Basstone

## Reunited Again

Back in the '60s Timothy Leary (left) was a psychedelic guru, and G. Gordon Liddy (right) the next-door-district-attorney-neighbor who first busted him. *HIGH TIMES* Editor-in-Chief Larry Sloman (center) knew neither man, but last week, for 25 bucks apiece, they let him have his picture taken with them for our '60s issue.



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6/83

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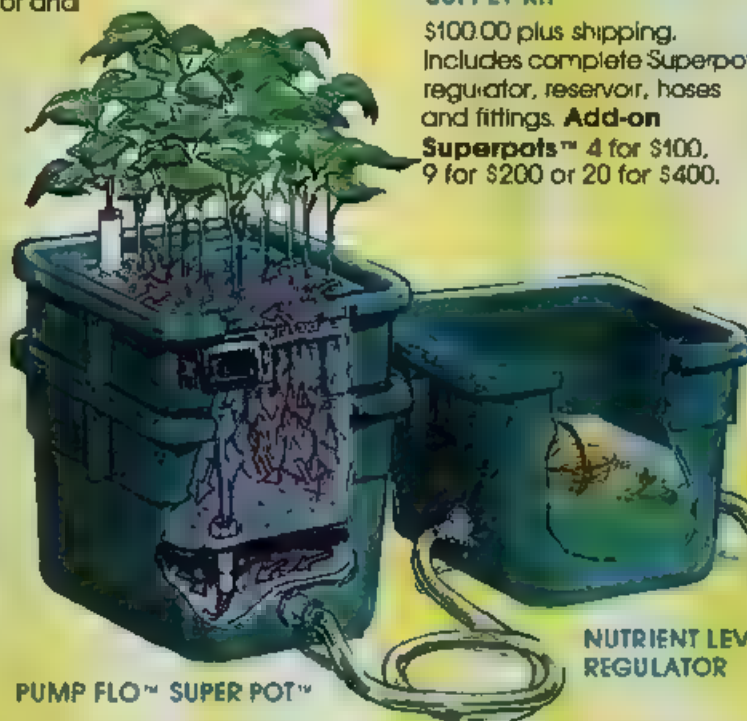


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## FLASHES

/ continued from page 10

"Wow. Didja know Paul Krassner?"

"Off and on. He helped me refer a nice young couple to an abortionist once—"

"Geez, that was a long time ago! Didja know Harry Anslinger, too?"

"Hey, now, it wasn't *that* long ago! I didn't know Harry Anslinger, no, but Larry Sloman did, and I know Larry Sloman. Is that good enough for you?"

"Didja know Allen Ginsberg?"

"He distinctly lechered at me once, when I was on speed and weighed about a hundred and five pounds. I was flattered."

"Was that before or after you were a faggot, Uncle Dean?"

"Now wait a minute, kid. Just because I eventually *did* turn into a dope addict—"

"Were you in Swinging London with Bill Levy?"

"No, but any time Levy's crowd came to New York, they'd come by the *East Village Other* loft and—"

"Dick Gregory. Didja know Dick Gregory, Uncle Dean?"

"No, but I knew Bob LaBrasca, the guy that interviewed Dick Gregory here."

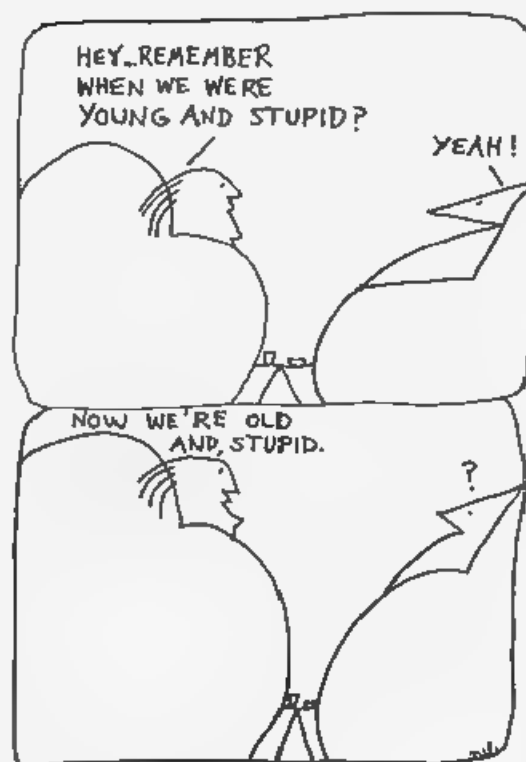
"Whattaya mean 'knew'? You work with Bob LaBrasca at *HIGH TIMES* now, Uncle Dean. Every day."

"Oh, right. That's how I got stuck composing this intro to the big '60s issue, isn't it?"

"Golly gosh. Those '60s must have been the *max*!"

"There sure have been worse, honey. Now, snuggle up closer in Uncle Dean's lap, and let's look at Mike Wilmington's piece on '60s movies. Did I tell you I knew Wilmington?"

—Dean Latimer  
Executive Almighty Editor



Tuk Kupferberg

# HYDROPOT

## What do the Experts Say?

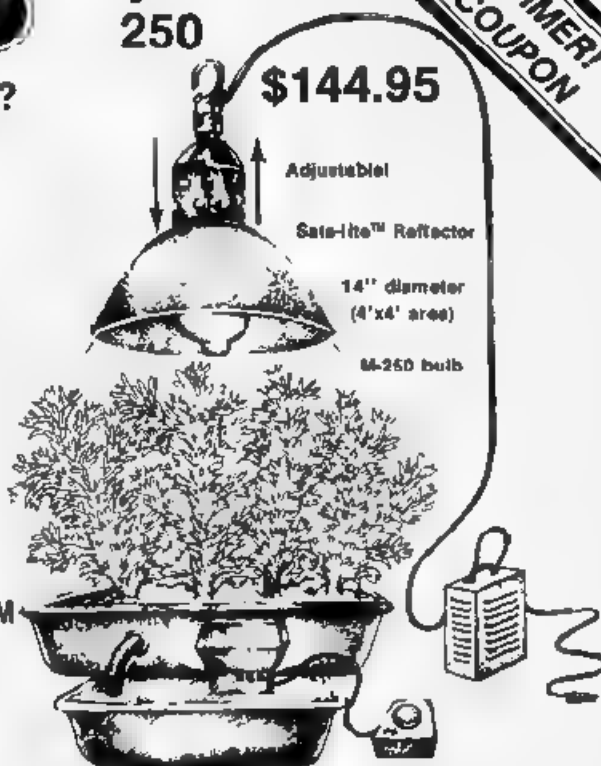
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## FLASHES

### Salt of the Earth

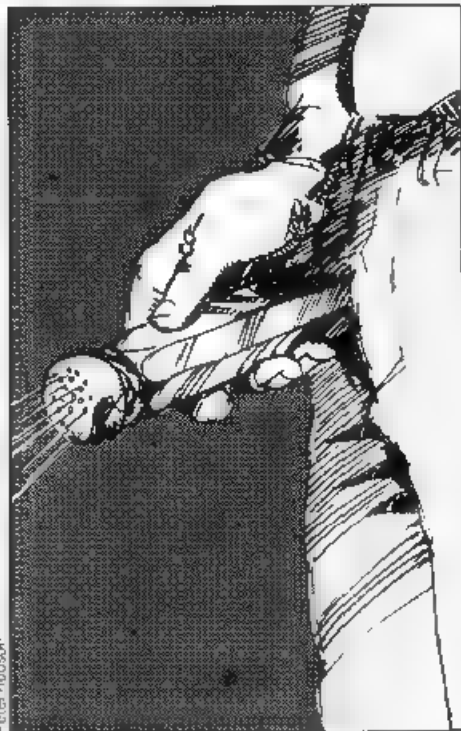
Lab technicians in the armed services are regular GIs, by and large: hardworking, hard-partying young American men and women who despise the idea of the government snooping through people's piss for pot traces, just as much as any other bunch of hardworking, hard-partying boys and girls. In recent months, so many armed-services lab techs have mailed directions to HIGH TIMES on how to beat the EMIT piss test for pot that it would be impossible (and wildly ungrateful) to list their names here. In fact, we obliterated the names on the letters, and just keep the hard data in our files.

Salt is the answer. The EMIT pot test is minutely calibrated to handle urine specimens with an acid-to-base ratio (Ph factor) of between 5.5 to 7.5. If a person temporarily raises or lowers the Ph factor of his or her urine out of that range, the test won't be able to make head nor tail of that person's sample. The EMIT's producers themselves warn all pot-test purchasers (after the sucker has already paid \$3,500 for the gimmick) that a concentration of more than 30 grams of salt in a liter of urine will "nullify" the test's results, yielding a "false negative," even if the urine donor's sample is a soup of leftover THC molecules. Salt particles, it appears, bind up with the protein antibodies in the test's reagent solution, and prevent any sort of "telltale" chemical reaction from occurring, whether there's any THC in the piss sample or not.

The simplest way to beat the EMIT pot test, then, would be to simply add a few pinches of salt to one's urine sample—one or two typical tabletop condiment packages ought to suffice—right after one has pissed in the sample vial, before handing the vial in for inspection. It will not hurt, when possible, to pour out about half the urine sample from the vial, leaving just enough in it to give it a yellowish cast of color when you refill it with tap water; that alone should be enough to "beat" the test, though a dash of salt in the sample won't hurt.

For many service personnel and convicts, of course this would be impractical, since they're most often under close supervision while





Peter Hudson

donating their piss samples. In that case, if a person has just a few hours notice before piss-test time, he or she can swallow a few salt tablets, the sort that are ordinarily used by athletes to restore body salt lost through overmuch perspiration. About three hours after a hefty dose of salt tabs, a person's bladder will be full of the stuff, radically changing the urinary Ph for at least a couple hours. (This is not to be recommended, of course, to people with a known hypersensitivity to salt.) If a person has a few days notice before a piss test, then, a couple salt tabs every couple hours over that period ought to build up a fairly heavy concentration of sodium chloride in the bladder; and then just a couple more, a few hours before piss-call comes due, ought to fake out the machine quite nicely.

These tablets, available over the counter in any drugstore, cost about \$2 per 100-tablet bottle, and generally contain about 400-500 milligrams of salt, and about a third as much dextrose sugar. A person should not take more than five or six at one time, or adverse reactions—dry mouth and tremendous thirst, mainly—will ensue. Ideally whenever possible, a person ought to take three or four of them per day for several days in a row before a urine test is scheduled, so as to build up a heavy concentration of salt in the bladder.

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## FLASHES

### Times Book Review Hails "R"



Caroline Marshall

"R" announces a period of medita-  
tion and reflection for readers of  
"Raiders of the Lost Gold."

Fans applauded and rivals gnashed  
their teeth when a reviewer in the  
Sunday *Times Book Review* paid  
repeated tribute to the talent and  
perspicacity of "R," the legendary  
mysterious pseudonymous  
Connoisseur of cannabis for *HIGH  
TIMES*. The *Times* tribute came in a  
recent review of the quarter-century  
*Village Voice* anniversary anthology, a  
selection of the best writing in the  
history of the New York weekly.

The reviewer, an Ivy League  
professor of literature, called "R"'s  
contribution in the anthology "a  
classic," hailed it as the best thing in  
the book and used citations from it to  
illuminate his criticism of the rest of  
the anthology.

Of course, this is no news to the  
hundreds of thousands of devoted  
followers of the adventures of our  
Connoisseur who have been  
devouring his epic serialized novel of  
illicit dreams, deception and death in  
the Casablanca-like intrigue of  
modern Miami. As he approaches the  
climactic sixth installment of "Raiders  
of the Lost Gold," "R" has declared a  
one-month pause in the serialization,  
so that readers can catch their breath  
from the heart-stopping thrills and "R"  
can deal with the many book and  
movie offers which have deluged him  
since the series began running. So look  
for the climax in the July issue. To be  
followed by the long-awaited Fifth  
Annual Pot Awards. The "Herbies"  
this year are going to produce a lot of  
surprises, "R" predicts, and the  
nominations aren't even closed yet



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D WL Incense	2 00					15.00				80				450	800	
E Super Scent	2 00		9 00			25 00		40.00	60 00	110				475	900	
F Summa Scent	2 00				11 00	29 00				110				600	1000	
G Superior Mannitol	2 00									9 00	15 00					
H WL Mannitol	2 00									9 00		17 00		30 00	50 00	
I WL Crystal Mannitol	2 00									9 00		17 00		35 00	70 00	
J WL Inositol	2 00									9 00		17 00		35 00	70 00	
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## HOW VITAS GOT AWAY

### FED FISHING FORAY FAILS TO NET TENNIS PRO

by Mark Swain

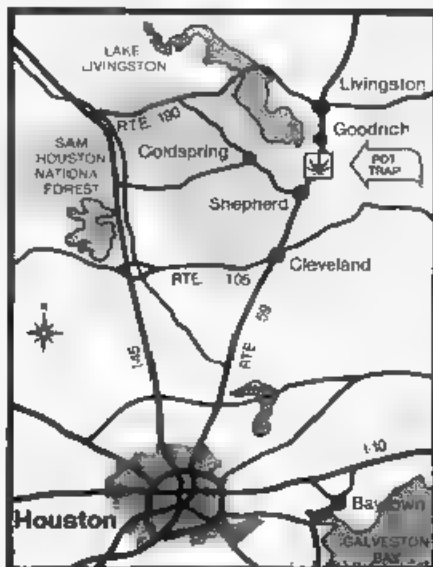
NEW YORK CITY

**V**ITAS GERULAITIS, FIFTH-RANKED TENNIS player in the entire world, met the press in Thomas Puccio's new Park Avenue lawyer's office, dressed for a forthcoming tournament in Toronto, early last spring: red sweat pants, white sweater, white sneakers trimmed in blue. "Because of all this, my game is definitely not one hundred percent," he told reporters from the best-quality news media on the East Coast. "I guess you could say the controversy has put a little kink in my game."

The controversy, at that point, was entirely the making of Gerulaitis himself and attorney Puccio—Thomas Puccio, Esq., fabled former federal prosecutor for the Brooklyn Task Force, architect of the Abscam sting, immortalized in the film *Prince of the City* for his exceedingly hard-assed cleanup of the whole New York City Police Department narco squad in the heyday of the fabled Knapp Com- / continued on page 24



Victorious Vitas Gerulaitis



## POT TRAP SHUT DOWN

SHEPHERD, TEXAS

**B**ECAUSE THE SAN JACINTO COUNTY cops closed down the "marijuana trap" on Route 59 last summer, county revenues have fallen to the point where plans to put elevators in the Coldspring courthouse have had to be shelved. But lots fewer people have to walk the courthouse stairs anymore, so it's undoubtedly just as well.

In 1981, San Jacinto County—with a population of less than 7,000—busted no fewer than 1,124 people for "marijuana,"

only 48 fewer pot busts than came down in all of Harris County, which includes the city of Houston. One of the pot bustees, 27-year-old Kippy Carr—who never had any marijuana anyway—had the brains to go to the FBI afterward. As a result, San Jacinto County is looking at a civil-rights lawsuit from the ACLU right now, most of the "volunteer" county mounties have abandoned the force, and the sheriff has been convicted of at least three federal charges.

The scam worked fine from 1977 to / continued on page 23

# BALES RISE FROM DOOMED

## GUARD NABS CREW OF SCUTTLED SHIP

CAPE MAY, NEW JERSEY

**A**TENSE MARITIME DRAMA WAS PLAYED out, about 270 miles east of here, when the U.S. Coast Guard made efforts to board the 154-foot, Honduran-registered freighter *Civonney* on March 16. According to Coast Guard reports, the *Civonney* was initially spotted by a C-130 patrol plane, which then called in the "high endurance" cutter *Duane* (from which the accompanying pictures were taken) to make a closer inspection. No information has been released as to why the *Civonney* was singled out for suspicion, but, in all likelihood, it fit the Guard's "smuggling-ship profile" to a T.

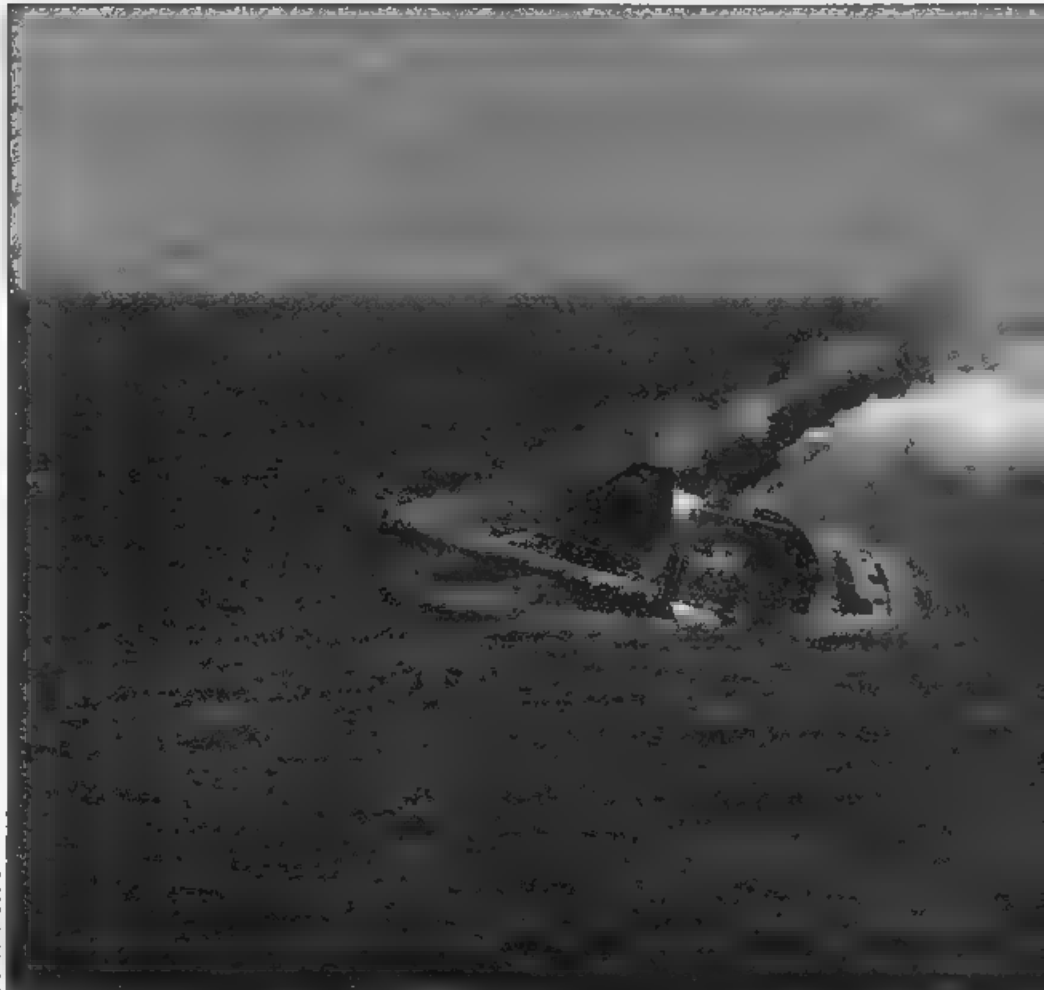
When the *Duane* arrived and requested permission to board, the captain of the *Civonney* refused, and the cutter was forced to stand off, in accordance with international law, and await authorization to proceed from the Honduran government. It is theorized that, during this hiatus, the *Civonney's* crew set fire to marijuana bales in the ship's hold to destroy evidence of smuggling and scuttle the ship. The crewmen retreated to the stern to escape the smoke and flames, before being rescued by Coast Guardsmen who boarded the ship to fight the fire.

A sequence of photographs taken by a Coast Guard photographer illustrates the progressive destruction of the *Civonney*. Flames crept through the cargo hatches (far upper right) as Guardsmen fought futilely to put out the blaze and salvage the ship. After about two and a half hours fighting the fire, the Guardsmen climbed from the afterdeck (far center right), abandoning the *Civonney* to Davy Jones's locker. It took another two hours or so for her to heel over completely (center), smoke and steam billowing from her hold, and she sank to the bottom of the Atlantic.

Her crew (some shown in handcuffs, right), 20 Colombians and one Puerto Rican—who were later charged with conspiracy to import marijuana and turned over to the Immigration and Naturalization Service—watched from the deck of the *Duane* as the evidence, multitudinous bales of *marimba* (far lower right), bobbed to the surface. □

U.S. Coast Guard

Wide World Photos





# FREIGHTER



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U.S. Coast Guard



U.S. Coast Guard



# THAIS BALK AT U.S. POPPY PLOT

BANGKOK, THAILAND

**T**HE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF State is rumbling about "poppy eradication" again, and the natives here are getting restless, with good reason.

"I'm personally convinced that the Thais could eradicate all the opium in Thailand in one season if they wanted to," a high-ranking but unidentified U.S. narc told the *New York Times* recently, estimating that 50 tons of raw opium would be culled from this spring's poppy crop in the Thai northern highlands. Dominick DiCarlo in Washington, head of U.S. State's Bureau of International Narcotics Matters, was a little less explicit; he merely suggested that the Thai government was mollycoddling its poppy-growing hill folk, and indicated to a House of Representatives subcommittee that the United States ought to rethink its foreign-aid policies toward the country, unless the government mounts a major poppy-killing project.

Thai narcotics officials on the spot are clearly annoyed with these new U.S. rumblings from afar. "We can't be dictated to by Mr. DiCarlo," Maj. Gen. Chavalit Yodmani told the *Times*' Colin Campbell: About 100,000 northern hill folk (non-Thai-speaking tribespeople in some 300 villages scattered along the mountainous borders with Laos and Burma, 250 miles north of Bangkok) have been living off opium money, and none too well, for generations now, he pointed out. "If we keep hitting people who don't have enough to eat, we will have huge problems. If we have them arrested, where will we put them?"

U.S. State's narco bureau has not so far outlined in detail what it might consider a satisfactory "poppy eradication" project for Thailand, but rumor and speculation are rife here and in Washington. It was DiCarlo's State narco bureau that, early this year, outlined a grandiose project for spraying the herbicide paraquat all over Latin America's marijuana-growing regions, with negligible consideration for the environmental and human damage paraquat might do in those places. When it comes to opium poppies, the herbicides preferred by U.S. State are 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T; each by itself is even more toxic than paraquat, and when combined, they constitute "Agent Orange," the dioxin-yielding poison that permanently injured thousands of Vietnamese and American GIs during the Vietnam War.

Thai officials are not likely to go blasting the northern poppy fields with poisonous herbicides—at least not without major,



*A Mao tribeswoman and her daughter smash open poppy pods to extract seeds for the next planting season. The opium poppy is an integral element of their culture and the marginal peasant economy of the Northern Thai highlands.*

sustained economic and political pressure from the United States. The reasons are simple. Thailand-grown opium really isn't a major increment to the total world supply of smack, but a sudden, wholesale poppy-eradication project would be sure to drive the northern hill folk into the welcoming embrace of Communist insurgents from Vietnamese-controlled Laos and Kampuchea (formerly Cambodia).

Altogether, besides the poppy-growing tribesfolk themselves, about 500,000 non-Thai inhabitants of the northern provinces—Chiang Mai, Mai Hong San, Nan and Chiang Rai mainly—depend indirectly on opium money for hard-cash subsistence income. "It's easy to stop people from growing opium," dryly remarks Chiang Mai's governor, Chaiya Poonsiriwongse. "But what are you going to do with a half-million mountain tribesmen?"

The whole opium production of northern Thailand—if the U.S. projection of 50 tons is not diminished by last winter's particularly foul growing season—would only put five tons of pure heroin into the world supply, even if extraction and acetylation procedures worked with 100 percent efficiency, which they don't. By contrast, Burmese-grown opium is expected to put about 50 tons of heroin into the world supply next year. And still, altogether, Southeast Asia will only furnish about 10 percent of the total smack on the U.S. market, according to the DEA; the rest will come mainly from Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iran and Mexico.

DiCarlo's rumblings about the Thai gov-

ernment's "limited success" in eradicating poppies, therefore, stir a special resentment here. For 15 years now, the Thai government has been working slowly, but with visible effectiveness, to reduce poppy cultivation by encouraging alternative commercial tillage in the northern districts. With rather modest financial assistance from the United Nations and the United States, Thai authorities have taught whole villages how to produce coffee, potatoes, soybeans and other "legitimate" crops instead of opium poppies.

The Thai government's long-established policy has been to encourage and support the cultivation of legal crops, rather than simply destroy opium poppies and leave the cultivators—who already live at subsistence levels—absolutely impoverished. Beyond humanitarian considerations, this is politically prophylactic. If reduced to absolute destitution, the hill folk would be certain to go over to the Communists, who have been losing influence throughout the region ever since the Communist holocaust in Kampuchea, and the subsequent Vietnamese invasion and occupation. Whenever rumors of an impending poppy-blitz proliferate, though, the Thai hill tribes get edgy, and Red propaganda begins to influence them. "They try to rouse unrest among the hill tribes," points out Governor Chaiya. "They say we're trying to annihilate them."

Corruption among Thai narcotics officials is not extensive when it comes to the

*/ continued on page 27*



# POT EXTORTION FINANCED TEXAS COUNTY

/ continued from page 19

1982, according to the ACLU suit. Sheriff J.C. "Humpy" Parker's smokies would park themselves on the grassy median strip along the big four-lane highway that leads north from Houston, along the Sam Houston National Forest, to the popular recreational parks alongside Lake Livingston, the man-made reservoir created in 1973. Generally they parked there at night, beaming spotlights at passing vehicles. And if the vehicles looked "sporty" to them, or were driven by young people with long hair—and especially if they had bumper stickers from rock 'n' roll radio stations—the cops would make up an excuse to pull them over.

The favorite excuses were "dim license-plate bulb" and "smudged license plate." Once the cops got within "plain view" of the vehicle's interior, however, then they'd bust the occupants for marijuana, plain and simple—whether they actually had any, or, as in the case of Kippy Carr, didn't have any.

A bonanza in county revenues was the result. Since the cops strictly busted people from out of state or from Houston, nearly everybody was only too happy to pay token \$300 fines, after a few hours in the Coldspring cooler, just to get out of town. Those indignant enough to plead not guilty would get off by paying \$100 bond on \$1,000 bail—which was smart, according to the ACLU, because these people would never hear from San Jacinto County again, and thus got off \$200 lighter. But in any case, everyone had to shell out \$47.50 more to the tow-truck company that hauled their cars to the Coldspring pokey, behind the cop car.

"I haven't done anything wrong," says "Shurf" Humpy Parker. "My job is to keep dope out of this county. And that's what we tried to do. When they come cruising around on that highway passing around joints and pipes, we'll stop them."

The feds didn't see it that way, though. The Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department pursued the case vigorously; they even produced proof that Parker's county thugs used water torture to extract confessions and testimony from detainees. Grand jury proceedings eventually produced charges, and Parker pled guilty, in March, '83, to civil rights violations and extortion. Had he not copped a plea in exchange for recommendations of three years each on two civil rights beefs and five on the extortion rap, he might have faced up to 40 years. At this writing, sentencing has not been concluded.

The FBI stepped in, along with the ACLU, after Kippy Carr's bust in November 1981. A cop car had merely pulled

over his Subaru Brat pickup on Route 59, and a cop—the very son of Shurf Parker himself—stepped out and asked him, "You been smoking dope, boy?" Carr replied that he'd been doing nothing of the sort, asked what he'd been stopped for, and was told to "shut up." The deputy then went through his cab with a fine-tooth comb, and turning up no pot at all, pointed at a broom handle Carr was using to prop up his CB radio: "Well, looks like you're going to jail for having an illegal weapon."

There were no less than 12 other people in the Coldspring pokey that day, all from out of the county, all up on "marijuana trap" busts along Route 59. Carr was there for five hours, long enough to clearly see what was going on: people denied access to attorneys, coerced to plead guilty to arbitrary criminal charges, soaked for fines and assorted county fees just to go on their way down the road. Carr, after giving a local bondsman \$100 and paying his \$47.50 tow fee (Shurf Parker's cousin runs one of the two local towing companies), got loose, and did his duty as an American citizen. He went to the police, specifically the FBI, and to the ACLU.

Dozens of other people stopped for weed along Route 59 have since come out of the woodwork, as a result of the publicity the "marijuana trap" has gotten in Houston papers. One couple tells of how the San Jacinto cops went through their baby's *diapers* for dope! The ACLU is interested in hearing from further marijuana-trap victims, so as to work up a proper class-

action civil-rights suit against Shurf Parker's law-enforcement tong.

Various county residents have also openly declared that they knew exactly what was going on. "When we were planning our budget," says county commissioner Roy Lewis, "the sheriff would tell us how much money he expected to get in fines. We always cut it back because we felt like it was excessive. 'Course, every year when he would bring it in, naturally we might raise it up a little bit for next year."

Indeed, the \$300,000 per year that the marijuana trap garnered for the county accounted for over a fifth of all San Jacinto's revenues, says the county treasurer. It enriched the bail bondsmen and tow-truck operators, and provided a much-needed increment to the coffers of the county, which is languishing terribly because of the depression in the lumber industry, its former main source of sustenance.

Since the marijuana trap was forced to close down last year, things have been tougher all around. Former state congressman James Browder, one of the county's two bail bondsmen, resigned the presidency of the local bank as the marijuana-trap scandal heated up, and now subsists on the bail-bond business—a declining calling in San Jacinto nowadays.

"They didn't want to look a gift horse in the mouth," says Justice of the Peace J.T. Elisor. "Local people weren't complaining because they weren't the ones getting arrested." NT



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# PROBE OF VITAS MISFIRES

/ continued from page 19

mission. Puccio was telling reporters, on this day last spring, that Gerulaitis was surely *about* to be indicted, within 24 hours or so, for cocaine.

Puccio said that there was a grand jury in Manhattan ready to indict his 28-year-old client, on exceedingly vague charges: conspiracy to use the drug, maybe. "They don't have any evidence of any planned distribution at all," Puccio claimed. "If the story is believed in full, all we are talking about is personal use. They're in a box. They're afraid *not* to indict him, because of all the publicity."



Atty. Thomas Puccio

All the publicity, of course, was coming out of Tom Puccio's office that day. No one before this, in the press, had heard anything but the vaguest rumors that Vitas Gerulaitis might be the current target of a federal coke investigation. Ordinarily, when grand juries are plotting to indict someone for anything, nobody at all officially knows about it except the prosecution—in this case the office of John Martin, Esq., federal prosecutor for the Southern District of New York. Yet here was Thomas Puccio, fresh into criminal-defense practice after 13 years as the toughest prosecutor on the East Coast, swearing to the press that Martin's office was certain to win an indictment on Gerulaitis within 24 hours—an indictment based solely on "a totally uncorroborated claim by a completely unreliable hanger-on" in pro sports circles.

Puccio not only claimed special knowledge that an indictment was coming down on Gerulaitis, but, moreover, claimed to know the quality of the evidence on which it would be based. "A hanger-on who attached himself to Vitas from time to

time," claimed Puccio, would be the sole source of the testimony against the tennis champ. All in all, Puccio painted a convincing picture of some bottom-dwelling cocaine crook ready to turn over on a big-name celebrity, in order to get out of personal trouble with the law. The press ate it all right up, and gave it top-billing play.

The grand jury in Manhattan, however, did not eat up the "evidence" provided them by prosecutor Martin's office with nearly as much gusto. Days passed, and then weeks, and no indictment against Vitas Gerulaitis came down. Some observers speculate that it was Puccio's inspired media grandstanding that discouraged Martin's prosecutors from pressing a flimsy case against Gerulaitis. Others, more familiar with the case against Puccio's so-called hanger-on, actually believe that the evidence against Gerulaitis was so flimsy that no Manhattan jury would ever have indicted *anyone* on it, no matter how famous or obscure. Here's how it went.

## Lost in the Merck

Last summer, two high-rolling young coke dealers from San Francisco, named Purvis and Spurr, came to New York to see the Volvo Master's Tournament at Madison Square Garden, and to party it up like crazy with other well-heeled sports aficionados from all around the world. With them they brought \$100,000 in cash and a .9-millimeter Browning automatic. Out on the Coast, they'd picked up a line on some *real* high rollers in New York who had diverted a whole great big bunch of absolutely pure, crystal pharmaceutical cocaine from someone at Merck Sharp & Dohme, Inc., of West Point, Pennsylvania.

So between sets at the Garden, Purvis and Spurr assiduously tracked down these real high rollers with their industrial-quality Merck, and presently located them at the fabulous Halloran House Hotel, not far from the Garden. These real high rollers needed only to give Purvis and Spurr a few tastes of this fabulous stuff, and they got so wired they wanted to fork over the whole \$100K immediately. Unfortunately, the high rollers insisted that Purvis and Spurr would have to take the consignment in one batch—all 48 bottles, at \$3,000 per bottle, which, of course, left the Californians \$44,000 shy.

According to reliable report, this is when Gerulaitis's celebrity name was first recorded on the body wires being worn by those high rollers: a brace of Drug Enforcement Administration undercover agents. Purvis and Spurr, coked out of their



gourds, evidently began raving about what splendid chums they were with this millionaire athlete, and how easy it should be for them to coax him to put some cash into the buy. "It's always amazing," a knowledgeable pro-tennis fan remarks, "how a couple tastes of good coke, for some people, makes them somehow automatically believe they're great friends with rich and famous people."

In any event, these two very young California coke dealers went out looking for coinvestors to make up their \$44,000 shortfall. In this very same hotel, as it turned out, was a sports-freak acquaintance of theirs, a Dallas restaurateur who will go by the name of "Tony" in this story. Though Tony had never dealt coke before, he was a passionate sports groupie and a famous party animal, and was never known to decline a toot, any time it was offered. So Purvis and Spurr hauled Tony down to that room in the fabulous Halloran House Hotel, where the DEA agents were sitting with all that cocaine they had borrowed (or bought, or been given) from Merck Sharp & Dohme, Inc. Once Tony had gotten a single taste of it, he also began raving about his splendid buddy Vitas Gerulaitis, who had supposedly set aside \$20,000, special for racy intoxicants, with which to celebrate once the Volvo tournament was completed. All this babble, of course, went on to the agents' hidden body wires—along with a little tête-à-tête between the agents in the Halloran suite's washroom, where one cop supposedly marveled aloud to the other, "Jesus Christ, do you know who we could drag into this deal?"

#### Rolling 'em Over

Of course, Purvis and Spurr were duly busted the minute they finally handed over their own \$100,000 cash for the Merck. Also busted, within hours, was Tony, and two other unhappy sports groupies who'd been sucked into this posterous Merck sting.

Gerulaitis himself was not busted, even though all these coke conspirators had been bragging on tape about their alleged intimate associations with him. (Purvis, 'tis said, actually claimed to have copped a taste of the DEA's flash stash and conveyed it to his champion chum for appraisal.)

As for the alleged perpetrators themselves—Purvis, Spurr, Tony and the other two chumps—everyone except Tony pleaded guilty, and turned state's evidence against Tony, the only person to plead not guilty and insist on a fair trial.

This took considerable guts, because it happened that Purvis and Spurr had also invested some of Tony's money—or had planned to, at least—in a separate transaction involving a kilo of ordinary commercial Bolivian snort coke, being

merchandised by some exceedingly unsavory Cuban-Americans from South Florida. So Tony, like the others, was up on two counts of cocaine conspiracy; since everyone else had pulled good long sentences after pleading guilty, Tony was fearful of facing an even longer stretch, in the event of conviction, simply for demanding a trial.

As it turned out, Tony's lawyer—charismatic New York criminal-defense attorney Jack Litman—got him entirely off the second count, involving the Miami Cubanos and their ki of Latino toot. But Litman was unable to ward off a conviction for conspiracy to purchase the DEA's Merck Sharp & Dohme issue. And after Tony's conviction for this in September, prosecutor Martin's office put to him an offer he couldn't refuse; either Tony would cooperate to the fullest in an ongoing cocaine investigation, or the United States would recommend the max for him: 15 years, no parole. And they'd make him testify anyway, with subpoena and statutory immunity. So federal judge Kevin Thomas Duffy, who had heard the case, put off sentencing until January 1983, by which time Tony was expected to name every name he knew in the coke biz, and recount his observations of their activities. And this Tony did.

Come the January sentencing, though, prosecutors Michael Feldberg and Rhea Neugarten appeared to be vastly disappointed with the quality of the testimony which Tony had been able to produce. The fact was that Tony, apparently never having dealt the stuff, really didn't know a lot of juicy inside narcotics-conspiracy dirt. He couldn't even confirm under oath that Vitas Gerulaitis really ever had put any money aside for cocaine, or indeed, if Gerulaitis had ever bought coke in his whole life. So prosecutor Neugarten, in particular, was miserably dissatisfied with Tony's testimony—especially in view of the fact that she had (reportedly) personally taken up the task of trying to get an indictment on Gerulaitis for coke, even after two other prosecutors in Martin's office had turned the assignment down.

Neugarten was so disappointed by it all, in fact, that on the night before sentencing, she messengered a curious letter to Judge Duffy. From every evidence on the open record, this letter went to the effect that Tony had only told the prosecutors a little bit about certain coke mobsters and sports celebrities—and she named them all—whereas, if they could only squeeze him properly with a good long maximum-security sentence, they could probably get Tony to testify (later, in exchange for a sentence reduction) to various bloodcurdling activities of those South Florida hoods which Neugarten believed he ought to know about. /cont'd

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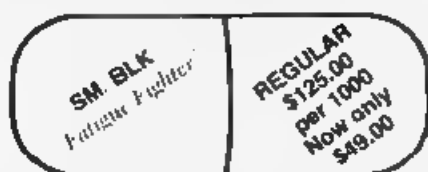
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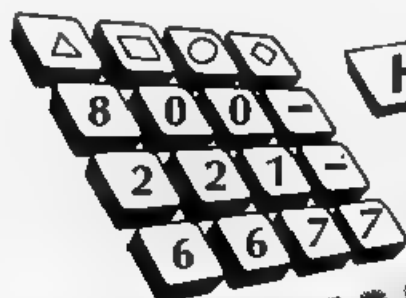
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So, on the morning of Tony's sentencing, the courtroom packed with press, Judge Duffy led off with rumblings of annoyance about the Neugarten communication. Then, learning that defense attorney Litman had received his copy of this incredible letter barely 10 minutes before the proceedings began, he quickly summoned the prosecution, defense and court reporter into the privacy of his robing room.

"Needless to say," he opened up, "you fellows recognize that the guys sitting in the corner over there are the press." And if they were to hear about the contents of Neugarten's letter, the consequences could be fatal. "It's quite possible," marveled Duffy, "that instead of sentencing the guy to a potential term of imprisonment or to, potentially, probation, you are kissing him goodbye." Goodbye forever, that is.

"I read the letter," he informed prosecutor Feldberg (Neugarten had been invited by Duffy to leave the courtroom entirely), "which I received this morning, and I can truthfully tell you I was annoyed."

### Stones Don't Bleed

Tony had cooperated to the max of which he was capable, Duffy noted, and thus fulfilled his end of the bargain. "If cooperation is full and produces nothing, it's still cooperation. If cooperation is full and produces a lot of things, fine, but you don't get extra Brownie points because there are big names to be had, because you've been involved with Lucky Luciano or Legs Diamond and so on and so forth." Tony didn't know anyone of anywhere near the caliber of Luciano or Legs Diamond, so it was very bad of the U.S. Attorney's office, Duffy intimated, to set Tony up as a likely candidate for a Florida mob rubout, just to try to goose a little possibly false testimony out of him.

Next morning, winding up to the climactic moment of sentencing, Judge Duffy commenced philosophizing acerbically. "A lot of things go into the imposition of sentence, a lot of things. I had one idea at the time the trial was ending, but that's been changed a couple of times. In fact, it was even changed yesterday, perhaps not the way it was intended--changed down, actually, yesterday, for a lot of reasons which I don't have to go into."

And he consigned Tony to the custody of Uncle Sam "for a period not to exceed one year." (Everyone else in this "conspiracy" had pulled much longer terms.) What's more, Duffy continued Tony's bail, leaving him at large during the appeal process. "He could have flown the coop a long time ago," the judge noted wryly. And he promised to recommend that Tony spend his sentence at Egland Air Force Base in Florida: "a southern

Allenwood," as Litman remarked for the record. (Allenwood and Eglund are "country club" federal prisons.)

The sentencing-minutes in Tony's case, recorded in early January, were originally sealed from public inspection, but became available to the press when Tom Puccio demanded to see them, for the good of his tennis-champ client. Puccio had requested that only he be allowed to see the minutes, but Judge Duffy nixed that—"You can't have it both ways," he told Puccio—and put them on the public record. Thus must have pleased Jack Litman, as the minutes show clearly that Tony had not been dimming on Vitas Gerulaitis and everyone else he'd ever parted with.

But, as Litman remarked on the record, "You can't get blood from a stone." **HT**

## POPPY PLOT

/ continued from page 22

northern poppy producers, for the simple reason that there's really hardly any money involved at that level. Opium was selling at \$80 a kilogram in the hills this spring (a kilo of opium, 2.2 pounds, represents the back-breaking cullings from about 20 acres of poppies), which is hardly enough money to "excite the cupidity" of even bottom-level narcs, as Campbell pointed out in the *Times*. Thai narcs tend to get themselves arrested for involvement with the pure-heroin traffic (smack goes for \$4,000 a ki wholesale) that moves from Burma through Thailand to Hong Kong. (See "Opium Mules Hijack Thai Airliner," *Highwitness News*, May 1983.)

The domestic production of opium in Thailand is a relatively small, but very long-established subsistence enterprise in the hills. The Thai government would clearly prefer to handle it with their slow-but-sure process of crop substitution, rather than institute some catastrophic overnight "eradication" effort, which would only serve to disrupt rural social relations, reduce hundreds of thousands to poverty and directly nurture Communist aspirations in the area.

Yet Mr. DiCarlo—a Reagan appointee to State's Narcotics Bureau—persists in calling for a poppy blitz. "Out of the question," says Chiang Mai's governor Chaiya. "Nothing doing."

Luckily, DiCarlo is not the only U.S. administration figure with a say in the matter. When Reagan's attorney general, William French Smith, actually came here last summer, and beheld the complexity of the issues first hand, his comments were much more realistic: "It's just not really feasible to do some of the things that might, from a distance, seem to be the obvious thing to do, like march through the hills and pull up plants." **HT**

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## DOPE \$\$ AND THE PRESS

# TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

by Bud Bogart

One thing dopers in the United States can be happy about is that they don't have to pay for their pastimes what the newspapers say they're paying. If they did, nobody could afford to get high.

Consider these recent items in the New York press: The "street value" of a 16-pound bust was estimated by one paper at "over a hundred thousand dollars." That works out to about seven grand a pound for an African strain that wouldn't have brought more than \$1,500 on the open market—unless it was sold to a narc.

A couple of days later, the *New York Post* hailed a seven-pound cocaine confiscation as the product of a \$3.5-million, international-cartel-class conspiracy. That totals out to more than \$1,100 a gram. How do they get figures like that? By adding in boxcar-loads of manure. And you'll notice that these gross distortions only go one way: up. Nobody caught with a suitcase full of pot is said to be carrying a few hundred dollars' worth.

Bloated estimates have much to do with politics. The bigger the numbers the D-men can come up with after a sweep, the more money they feel comfortable demanding in the next legislative session. This financial mumbo jumbo reached its ludicrous zenith in 1978 when a Drug Enforcement Administration official pegged the pot business of 1977 as a \$48-billion enterprise. That's almost four times what Americans spend on cigarettes (\$13 billion).

To read the official stats, you might think drug prices have been rising steadily over the years. Actually, they haven't at least not as much as those of houses and cars. When marijuana boomed in popularity in the mid '60s, the basic Mexican ounce went for \$15, the pound for \$200. Prices floated up to \$20/\$300 during dry spells, of which there were many. In 1972, Colombian *marimba* hit the mass market at around \$375 a pound. Gradually, it became the pot of choice, and so eclipsed the Mexican market that pound prices on south-of-the-border weed dropped precipitously. When the parquat scare struck hard in the mid '70s, Mexican disappeared almost entirely from

weed warehouses for most of a decade. In the meantime, Colombian crept up in price, going from a low of \$25 an ounce to today's \$45-an-ounce base price, with pounds now ranging from \$475 to \$625—when they can be found.

LSD used to go for five-to-ten a hit in the early '70s; today the price is actually lower, from three bucks to about five—though today's standard dose is much lower than that of a decade ago. In the late '60s and early '70s, a "hit" contained about 250 micrograms; now it's estimated at anywhere from 50 to 150 mikes. Cocaine, despite its ever-expanding constituency, has actually come down in price in the early '80s, with ounces of pure dropping from around \$2,800 to around \$2,200.

The economy in general should only serve the consumer as well as the underground dope economy has. Maybe President Reagan—our dearest exponent of *laissez faire economics*—can be convinced to accept a pot entrepreneur as a financial adviser.

**Rootin' for Rudy...** Interest in *Cannabis ruderalis* is mounting as these revolutionary exotics begin to bloom in the sinse-milla hills and grow-rooms of America. The new strain, which is deep purple and comes from somewhere in the eastern wilds of Russia, grows at astounding altitudes and low temperatures, developing a potent high along the way. Like indica, which became an overnight sensation because it adjusted more quickly to U.S. growing conditions than the warm-blooded sativas from Mexico and Colombia, ruderalis and its seeds are in hot demand among sinse growers. The violet buds are already on the market in select circles.

**The Great Drought Continues.** . . The Colombian pot drought, which has smitten the United States for almost seven months now, is shaping up as one of the worst on record. Unlike other droughts, in which Colombo—usually the most popular and available weed in the country—remained on the scene at abominably high prices, this year's has brought a total scarcity in some of the most heated marketplaces in the nation: New York, Miami and Los Angeles.

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
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# TRANS-HIGH QUOTATIONS MARKET

## CANADA

Commercial Colombian	absolutely rich, prices on futures	oz	65-85
Gold and red Colombian	likewise	lb	700-800
Hawaiian buds	almost non-existent	oz	125
Mexican tops	making the rounds	lb	1100-1200
Homemade "cake" hash	impotent	oz	325-350
Afghan hash	not a bomb	lb	2800-3600
Kashmir hash	reddish, rocket fuel	oz	50-85
U.S. sinsemilla	excellent when available	lb	450-650
Hash	red Lab	gm	15
LSD	your choice	oz	280
Methuqualone	same boots as in States	oz	15
Cocaine	catching up to U.S. standards	lb	3250
		gm	25
		oz	375
		oz	200
		oz	175-200
		lb	2000-2500
		one	4-10
		100	200-450
		one	3-6
		100	275-450
		gm	130-200
		oz	2000-3200

## COLOMBIA

Santa Marta gold, reds	slow	oz	10-15
Commercial domestic	usual strong supply	lb	60-100
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz	2-5
Hash oil	a lost cause	lb	30-80
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	8-25
Cocaine	devalued pesos make this a buy	lb	100-225
		oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2000
		oz	40-75
		oz	175-225
		lb	5000-6000

## DENMARK

Imported weed	headster's status symbol	oz	75-125
Homegrown pot	subtle, typically European	kilo	1250-3750
Moroccan hash	quality better this year than last	oz	free to \$10
Lebanese hash	transport problems solved	oz	50-100
Black Afghan hash	top banana	kilo	1000-2000
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	60-120
Cocaine	brick market	oz	1200-2200
		gm	100-150
		oz	100-150
		kilo	2500
		kilo	50,000

## ECUADOR

Commercial Colombian	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Red and gold Colombian	surprisingly, not that much	lb	60-100
Sierra buds	passable	oz	15-25
Emeralds	the worst	lb	200
swamp grass	lots	oz	6-10
Cocaine base	pure as the driven snow	lb	70-100
Cocaine	traded for blow	gm	2-4
LSD		one	40-60
			negotiable
			25-40
			5

## JAMAICA

Jamaican gold	color sweetness	lb	375-450
Sinsemilla	super tops	lb	750-1500

## MEXICO

Guerrero gold	dry, seedy, but super	oz	25
Oaxacan	long-stem beauties	lb	175
Sinaloa	northern grown, sativa	oz	10
Arapulco gold	and green, one of the best	lb	90
Hash	greenish brown, a snoozer	oz	25
Cocaine	much fake, pass it on	lb	250
Methuqualone	much pharma-centical, okay	gm	20
		oz	175
		oz	15
		lb	150
		gm	30-50
		oz	1-2

## NORTHERN IRELAND

Hash, Red Lab	fresh as a daisy	oz	150
Hash, Blond Lab	in white bags	oz	135
Hash, Paki black	champion	oz	175
Pot, African sticks	okay not super	oz	170
Pot, Colombian	low-quality marsh	oz	110
Pot, homegrown	mostly baloney	oz	0-60
Speed	crystal meth	gm	30
LSD	European blots called "De Lorean White"	oz	5
Cocaine		gm	160

## PANAMA

Seeded redbair	seedy but primo	oz	150
Red sinsemilla	still seedy, but stungy & stony	lb	1650-1750
Panama red	rarely red, usually green-brown	oz	1800
		oz	50-65
		lb	560

## SAUDI ARABIA

Black Kashmir hash	one of the world's great hashes	gm	20
Nepalese hash	fingers only	oz	250
Pakistani hash	fresh, pressed	gm	15-20
Afghan hash	greenish black, fummy	oz	225-250
Lebanese red hash	a choker	gm	10-15
Cocaine	no shau, the real thing but \$ great	oz	175-200
Thai sticks	commercial grade	gm	250-300
Philippine pot	legal kind of homemade	one	25
Ups & downs		oz	50-75
Moonshine		100	5
		punt	30

## UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins			
Tampa, Fla.	local shrooms, blue and tasty	oz	60
Coe Cob, Conn.	Maine homegrown buds, potent	oz	200
Ft. Wayne, Ind.	orange barrels, intense trip	oz	5
Ithaca, N.Y.	homegrown Finger Lake smoke, good	oz	100
Binghamton, N.Y.	excellent Colombian red	oz	60
Atlanta, Ga.	red Lab, dry but works	oz	125
N.Y., N.Y.	extremely gummy Pakistan hash	oz	200
San Francisco	basement Pailies	oz	20
Denver	Mexican olives, basic and seedy	oz	20
Milwaukee	poor Colombian, only game in town	oz	40

## National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	germination underway	oz	125-250
Commercial Mexican	rapidly expanding market	lb	1200-2400
Top-grade Mexican	gold and seedy	oz	35-60
Mexican sinsemilla	good and plenty	lb	375-635
Jamaican	appears and disappears	oz	45-60
Jamaican sinsemilla	tendency toward dryness	lb	475-550
Commercial Colombian	keep looking	oz	115-135
Thai sticks	sticks like stumps	lb	1200-1500
Loose Thai	by the bundle	oz	35-45
Hawaiian	watch for impersonators	lb	375-450
Moroccan hash	dry split slabs	oz	70-100
Lebanese hash	wavering	lb	700-1000
Black Afghan hash	gov't seal	oz	45-65
Nepalese fingers	creamy and aromatic	lb	475-625
Pakistani hash	hits and pieces	oz	10-25
Psilocybin mushrooms	dried encapsulated	oz	180-225
Peayote	crusty heady	lb	1650-2200
LSD	many varieties	one	235-300
Cocaine	king of the one liners	gm	2700-3200
Methuqualone	best books in the West	oz	125
Crosses and black beans	erratic	lb	500
Methamphetamine	costly as coke	gm	90-110
Alaska			825-1100
Commercial Colombian	shake city	oz	140-190
Domestic sinsemilla	as the season	lb	1550-2000
Mexican weed	most available	oz	175-225
		lb	1700-2500
		oz	165
		lb	1600-1900
		oz	140-160
		lb	1650
		one	5-10
		one	3-5
		100	150-300
		gm	100-200
		%	325-300
		oz	2000-3000
		one	4-6
		100	300-500
		100	25-200
		gm	75-110
		oz	50-65
		lb	550-650
		4 oz	50
		oz	200
		oz	50-65
		lb	500-600
		oz	225-300
		lb	2000-2750
		one	20
		lb	2400-2650
		gm	10
		oz	130-200
		gm	100-175
		oz	2000-2800
		one	5
		100	350-500
		one	5
		100	350
		oz	225-275
		lb	2200-2750
		oz	225-275
		lb	2000-2500
		oz	200-250
		lb	2000-2500
		oz	225-275
		lb	2400-3000
		one	2-4
		free	free
		gm	75-125
		oz	2050-3000
		one	2

## CHARGES

Injection of these substances can cause abscesses, scars and other skin problems. Talc deposits build up in eye fundi. Lung fibrosis can develop and cause severe pulmonary malfunction—even death. Brain damage may result from use, as can a wide variety of internal infections. Soft-tissue infections can cripple or destroy joints. This drug combination is physically addicting and will cause heroin-like withdrawal symptoms.

## NATURE AND USE

Talwin is the trade name for pentazocine, a synthetic analgesic, or painkiller, with a potency roughly equivalent to codeine. Tripeleennamine is an antihistamine with both stimulant and depressant effects. Both drugs come in pill form, but are crushed, dissolved in water and injected intravenously. The combination was first used medically, taken orally for the symptomatic relief of narcotic withdrawal. Both drugs have been abused individually, but abuse of the combination appeared first in Chicago in the early 1970s.<sup>1</sup>

The effects of this combination are reported to be similar to those of a heroin-cocaine speedball. When injecting, users report a "rush" that is comparable to a heroin rush, and a consistency of effect—as opposed to heroin, which may fluctuate greatly, depending on purity.

## HAZARDS AND LIABILITIES

The drug combination, and Talwin itself, are physically addicting and will produce some withdrawal symptoms. These appear to be milder than heroin withdrawal symptoms and easier to treat.<sup>2</sup> Users on T's and B's become compulsive in their drug-taking and drug-seeking behavior as do abusers of heroin. The combination does have other major drawbacks. Irritants in the chemicals, and buffers (in spite of users' attempts to filter these out)

# TALWIN AND TRIPLENNAMINE

**AKA: "T's and Blues," "T's and B's," "Tops and Bottoms," "Toms and Bettys," "Tricycles and Bicycles," etc.**

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

cause extensive soft-tissue destruction. Abscesses, scars and "woody edema" (hard, knotty areas in veins that infect easily) are common. Deep muscle and tendon damage is also common. Severe tightening of major joints (hip and shoulder) can result in an inability to move, and in some cases infection, submerged in the tissue, can require major surgery and joint replacement. Septic states and bacterial endocarditis can occur. Talc often builds up in the eye, brain and lungs of the abuser. Accumulation in the lungs of a micro-crystalline

filler used in manufacturing both drugs can lead to pulmonary fibrosis, impairment of lung function and death. These same fillers accumulate in the eye, brain and kidney.<sup>3</sup> Some physicians have observed a variety of neurological syndromes, including brain infections, that may result from altered brain function due to these deposits. Essentially, this drug combination sludges up vital parts of one's body. Because of this sludging, the length of time people abuse T's and Blues is usually self-limiting. Tripeleennamine is cross-tolerant

with alcohol and other downer-type drugs, and used in conjunction with them can cause a downer overdose.

## FIRST-AID PLUS

Detoxification can use any of the methods employed in heroin detoxification. In general, detoxification is easier and shorter than with heroin. Overdoses are rare, but are reversible with naloxone (as with any other narcotic overdose). The greatest dangers with this drug combination are cumulative and in time may be irreversible. The best first aid is to stop using T's and Blues before one becomes a mass of clogged plumbing.

*Note: A Recent Development:* In an effort to fight abuse through injection, the manufacturers of Talwin have added naloxone to the formula.<sup>4</sup> Naloxone, or Narcan, the narcotic antagonist used to reverse heroin overdoses, works by occupying the central nervous system receptor sites used by heroin or Talwin, and thereby eliminating all narcotic effect. T's and Blues junkies who inject this new form of Talwin will suffer the pain and discomfort of instant withdrawals. People who consume Talwin in the medically prescribed fashion, orally, will be unaffected, since naloxone is deactivated by stomach acid. This may, in effect, end T's and Blues abuse. Attempts by users to increase dosage to an effective level are useless. Worse, increased levels of the tripeleennamine could result in a sedative-hypnotic overdose, especially if mixed with alcohol. □

## REFERENCES

- <sup>1</sup> Senay, Edward, C., M.D., "Clinical Experience with T's and B's," Manuscript, 1983.
- <sup>2</sup> Harvey, William, Director, NAS CO, St. Louis, Missouri. Personal communication, March 1983.
- <sup>3</sup> "Clinical Experience with T's and B's."
- <sup>4</sup> Anonymous, "Reformulation of Talwin reduces 'T's and Blues' fear," *The U.S. Journal of Drug and Alcohol Dependence*, vol. 7, no. 1, January 1983.





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**W**e caught up with Dick Gregory as he passed through New York on his way back home to Plymouth, Massachusetts, and interviewed him in his room at the Sheraton Center. Immediately after our meeting he flew to Boston, spent one night with his wife and children (he has 10) and got on the next southbound plane. Over the next few days, trying to maintain contact to set up a photo session, we tracked him through Miami, Atlanta, Philadelphia and back to Boston again. That's typical of his hectic working itinerary: He delivers more than 200 guest lectures a year around the country—mostly at colleges and universities—promoting social activism, pacifism and the benefits of fasting and the natural life.

Gregory is uniquely qualified to comment on the tumultuous '60s, having served on most of the battlefronts of America's confrontation with itself throughout the entire decade. Here, then, is Mister Gregory satirist, raconteur, natural dietician, emulator of Mahatma Gandhi and conspiracy theorist. If his interpretations of past and present events seem at times a tad paranoid, bear in mind that, back in the nasty '60s, no less a personage than FBI director J. Edgar Hoover (see *HIGH TIMES*, this issue, page 41) apparently connived to have him rubbed out by the Mafia.

**HIGH TIMES:** Where were you in 1960?

**DICK GREGORY:** I was all over the place, man.

**HIGH TIMES:** Were you still a stand-up comic?

**GREGORY:** I'd just started then. I had just hit big in the '60s.

**HIGH TIMES:** You were a regular on the *Tonight Show*, weren't you?

**GREGORY:** Yes, Johnny Carson wasn't on the scene then. It was Jack Paar. And the Playboy Club was the biggest thing going.

**HIGH TIMES:** And you were a featured act there as well?

**GREGORY:** Yeah, the Playboy Club and the Hungry "I"—all of those elite, hip clubs. But basically it was the Jack Paar

# DICK GREGORY

A master rapper/philosopher offers his frank commentary on the struggles, the personalities and the legacy of the '60s.

by Bob LaBrasca



Show, the *Tonight Show*, that brought instant recognition. I went from two hundred dollars per week at the Playboy Club to five thousand just from that show.

**HIGH TIMES:** You were the first black comic, as I recall, to work with strong, barbed, social-political material.

**GREGORY:** And also the first black comedian to work white nightclubs. I didn't realize that when I started to be a comedian, I didn't know black comics didn't work white nightclubs. The big news around me was that, at that time, there had never

been a black comic to work white clubs.

**HIGH TIMES:** Many of the black performers in that period had reputations for being Oreo cookies, they'd put on a white persona, a white way of talking, but you played for white audiences without dropping your own identity.

**GREGORY:** I never dropped it on TV. I never behaved myself to make it. It was like Mayor Tom Bradley [black mayor of Los Angeles]. Tom Bradley didn't just start behaving himself to get white votes, that cat's been clean

ever since he was in the Boy Scouts. I didn't know no other way. I enjoyed doing what I was doing, and I did it my way. I didn't travel from city to city either, I made it right out of Chicago on my turf.

**HIGH TIMES:** And very soon after that you became a highly visible civil-rights activist.

**GREGORY:** Yes, I guess the change in my life came with the civil rights movement, when the civil-rights movement hit out in the streets. It was kind of sad, but they needed top black celebrities to say to the black folks who were scared, "It's



Photography: Peter Hudson

okay." I think it's kind of interesting that people who were locked into a struggle for survival, for dignity, still put more credence on celebrities than on the leadership.

**HIGH TIMES:** Was the transition from comedian to activist a natural one for you?

**GREGORY:** It was gradual. Doing social commentaries, you know, I had been watching the scene for a long time, and so it wasn't a shock. I was married to a woman that never put demands on me as an entertainer. I didn't have a group to have to pay,

I had nobody to ask about a decision but me. And when I made it big, I had no habits—didn't have no cocaine habit, no drug habit, nobody I had to pay. My wife and I had always made a deal—that as long as show business didn't interfere with my demonstration career, it would be acceptable.

**HIGH TIMES:** Let me ask you specifically about the demonstrations in Birmingham, Alabama. I believe you led a march there.

**GREGORY:** Led a march and got arrested. Matter of fact, I got arrested so fast I hadn't even got in town good—and got beat up in jail that night. That's what forced the Kennedy administration to have to send in troops, because that was the first time they could prove somebody's civil rights had been violated. And there was that whole Bull Connor syndrome. [Bull Connor was the infamous police chief of Birmingham.]

**HIGH TIMES:** According to my notes, you were leading a group of about sixty marches and had the following exchange with a policeman. He asked, "Do you have a permit?" You said, "No." He said, "No what?" No permit, sir, was the answer he was looking for, and you said, "No, no, a thousand times no." Was that the incident after which you were arrested?

**GREGORY:** Yes, that was the incident. But they were arresting everybody. The day I went in they put in twenty-five hundred people. We were just the first wave to be arrested. They *did* fill up the jails; they had so many people they had to put them out in an open field—but that was the one that broke their back.

**HIGH TIMES:** How many times were you arrested in the '60s?

**GREGORY:** Oh, God, about a hundred times, or more. In Chicago, they'd arrest me every time I walked out in the street.

**HIGH TIMES:** In Selma, Alabama, late in '63, the same year as Birmingham, you delivered a speech after your

wife had been arrested in a voter registration drive.

**GREGORY:** Yeah, we went into Selma when wouldn't nobody else touch it. I was in New York when they called me, and I was sick, so I said I can't come, but I can send my wife. And she went down and they arrested her. She was about nine months pregnant then. They arrested her, and she stayed in jail until I got there.

**HIGH TIMES:** And that's when you delivered a two-hour speech at a church that was completely surrounded by hostile deputies?

**GREGORY:** I don't even remember that.

**HIGH TIMES:** It was described by Howard Zinn in his book on SNCC [the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee]. He said it was an absolute wonder that you walked out alive, and he marked it as a cultural turning point for the whole South, because no one would have stood up and said those things previously.

**GREGORY:** Is that book on the market now?

**HIGH TIMES:** I don't know.

**GREGORY:** I never read that. That's incredible.

**HIGH TIMES:** Were you beaten up often?

**GREGORY:** Several times, but not that much. They respected me because of money. Most of them called me Mister Gregory. It was that whole national image thing, the ability to make a lot of money—so they looked at me differently than they looked at other folks in the civil-rights movement. In Greenwood, Mississippi, they used to call me "the millionaire nigger."

**HIGH TIMES:** Later, in the mid '60s, you went from being a major civil-rights figure to being a prominent enemy of the Vietnam War.

**GREGORY:** Yeah, I was surprised to hear Andy Young say a couple of months ago that I was the first to make the transition. I couldn't understand how you could tell me to be nonviolent and not have it pertain to the war. My question was: Is nonviolence in the black

movement an ideology or is it a tactic? Does nonviolence mean I ain't supposed to hit a white dude, but I can go all over the world dropping bombs on people? Or is it nonviolence across the board all the way?

My nonviolence even led me into vegetarianism. I didn't become a vegetarian for health reasons. I became a vegetarian because of the civil-rights movement. Nonviolence, to me, meant not only don't shoot a Mississippi sheriff—it also meant that animals should not be killed for your dinner.

One of the wildest, wildest things that ever happened to me was when I went up on the Indian reservation in Washington—Tacoma. They were fighting for their treaty rights to fish. So I got there with my wife, and I said, "Man, I don't believe animals should be killed, we can't help you." They were very upset. I said, "When it comes our turn, I'll come down willing to die for y'all, but I'm not going out in the water and catch a fish." So that night, about two in the morning, I said, "I tell you what, y'all got some dead fish, that's already dead?" And they said, "We got some deep-frozen." They swam in, put them in our net, and the rangers swooped down on us, beat me up, knocked me down, and that case went all the way up to the Supreme Court. Not initiated by me, initiated by someone in the Justice Department, who saw it on TV and who loved Dick Gregory as a comic.

They initiated the case, I had nothing to do with it; and it came out one day where the Indians won. They got half the steelhead interest; that case was worth two point five million dollars, and it all happened over dead fish. It just blew me away.

**HIGH TIMES:** It was this commitment to nonviolence, then, that brought you out so strongly against the war?

**GREGORY:** Yes, uh-huh. And it wasn't the Vietnam War, it was all wars. We need to say to the whole world that war is bad, and my commitment



was: If coming out against the war meant treason, it meant you had to go be shot at noon—hey, man, shoot me. I've always been willing to pay the price for your law.

And, if I were young enough now, or they say they're going to draft fifty-one-year-old men to go to El Salvador, and if you don't go you gonna pull the firing squad, I say: Hey, man, you ain't gonna have no problem with me. I'm not going. I'm not going. And I say to all the whites that wanna go to war, waving their flag. Cool, but take Du Pont's boy with you. Stop hogging patriotism. The folks that make the billions of dollars on the war, you should see to it that their children will be down there on the front with you. If they don't go, don't you go, because then, when you come back, you don't have to argue where Agent Orange came from.

And to all you flag-waving Americans, that wave those flags to get those young folks to the front line of battle. They're back home now. They can't find jobs; they can't find proper mental-health care, they can't find the proper hospitals, they can't find the proper staff in these VA hospitals because there's no money. And I say to them: Where's your flag? How come you're not waving your flag now, to see to it that they get the proper attention?

**HIGH TIMES:** You spoke, marched and fasted a great deal in protest of the war, and you were also a leader, if not officially, of the demonstrations at the Democratic convention in Chicago in 1968. In all of that, you were one of the people who argued for sympathy for the police, were you not, while a great many people were calling them pigs.

**GREGORY:** Let me tell you what I told a cop one day, and then you'll see why I felt sorry for cops—because when I saw cops I saw my mother. I saw my mother working for white folks, scared of white folks, whose livelihood depended on white folks. And she went to work when she was six. She was the most important

figure in the house, but she got no respect; and when you don't get no respect, you have funny insides. So, what I said to this cop was, "What do you think would happen to you if I went down and said to Mayor Daley that I would hold a press conference to say 'I'm wrong. I really judged you wrong. You've come up with some programs that're humane; and I think poor folks have gained more under your leadership than anybody else's leadership in America, but in order for me to say that, this cop here has to be killed.' What do you think would happen to you if I did that?" He said, "God, man, I'd be dead."

After I left Chicago, moved from Chicago, a new administration came in, and one day they decided that it was going to be Dick Gregory Day in Chicago. The same cop that had had to arrest me before now had to meet me at the airport, man, and give me a police escort. Incredible! The mayor and the governor standing up reading a proclamation! A cop can go out there and arrest you, but they can't arrest the Mafia syndicate hoodlums. If they do, they're in trouble, and they know that. And to have this job, which is supposed to represent manhood and integrity and honesty and decency, and know that your limits stop with my mother's!

All I said to the police was, learn how to arrest, and leave people's dignity in the streets, that's all. You violate me when you violate my dignity. And you have to violate my dignity, because your dignity's violated, but every time you arrest me you're really arresting yourself. Every time you yell at me you're yelling at all those folks you can't yell at. You'd like to have a clean county, you would like to be able to say, "We cleaned it up," but you can't—you're at the whims of politicians. And to be a cop means you know where all the dirt is. You know all the innuendos. You know all the political assassinations, and there's nothing you can do about it. That has to have an effect on you

**HIGH TIMES:** How about some broad reflections on the '60s. Do you see a stark contrast between the energy and activism of that decade and the quiet careerism of young people in this one?

**GREGORY:** Well, that's bullshit. I ain't buying that. The '60s was manipulated by the government more than anything else.

I tell people to do this: Go to Berkeley and draw the transcripts from the '60s compared to now and see if anybody was making any less A's than they're making now. We want to believe that in the '60s they just stopped doing their work. They did not! There were just as many honor students. They did it in spite of what else they were doing.

The '60s was the fire truck on its way to the fire. That's glamorous, man. Everybody likes fire trucks. A child that does not like fire trucks is a child that the first time he heard sirens they stopped at his house, and he or she watched his or her family wiped out. We see the fire

ain't nobody about to tell me the cops are any more brutal than they used to be. You got some lawyers now, that's handling those cases for poor folks, which you never had before, that's what the game is. All at once, doctors, who had been looked at as the elite in the society—not because of their profession, but because of the amount of money they had—these cats can't get malpractice insurance. Why? They ain't killing any more people now than they always did. You've got lawyers willing to handle those cases, not just for the superrich. **HIGH TIMES:** But the most successful of those lawyers are probably veterans of the '60s.

**GREGORY:** Oh, I'm not saying they're not. I'm just saying that's the image. And there's whole lots of new folks coming out now that come out because we turned everybody's head around. I'm not writing off the '60s, but I'm writing off the stuff that the '60s was where it was at and this is bullshit. The '60s was very minor compared to



truck going by, and all those cats look cool and beautiful, and it's fascinating; but once you get to the fire, those engines stop, and them cats are yelling and screaming and cussing, and eating your baloney, and drinking your beer, and wetting down stuff that don't need to be wet. That's where we are now.

The power is now. But it's quiet. What happens? For instance, nine hundred cities, last year, could not get police insurance for their cops, because they lost too many police-brutality cases. Now,

what's happening now.

I do about two hundred college dates a year, and I see the strongest force out there, checking them right before they come out of college. They're free—manipulated, but not hooked to a house note, car note, family. That's where I spend most of my time, just dealing with that force, and I think, if there's going to be a change, that's where it's coming from.

**HIGH TIMES:** Looking back at the '60s, do you have any criticisms of the various movements of the era, of the

drug thing, for instance—the psychedelic revolution?

**GREGORY:** Basically, I have no criticism, because it was new. It was people breaking out of a box. Everybody'd been in a Cracker Jack box. People were breaking out for the first time, and for the first time guidelines had to be set. I told people a long time ago that the whole drug scene was government—that whole thing of just putting people to sleep, and that's why I had a strong thing then about drugs. Nobody in the movement in the '60s ever

Communists? Why y'all wanna give the Communists to my little children? Why you wanna plant a thought in their minds that the finest thing that's happened to black folks the Communists invented?"

**HIGH TIMES:** Drugs, though were often seen as a Communist conspiracy.

**GREGORY:** No, I'm talking about *black folks*. They have never said that a *black* drug pusher is Communist-inspired. They've never said that *black* pimps and whores and hustlers were



saw me with any drugs, never saw a time when I wasn't talking against it. I said then, "You want to destroy the movement? This is how you're going to do it." But I could understand it, people were jumping out the box.

I didn't really see mistakes. You see, in the '60s, dumb ignorant, racist, southern white folks were making so many mistakes, that we didn't have to bring up brilliant field generals. Now those mistakes are not being made. Now, for the first time, we have to *get* our rights.

Our day in the sun is not predicated on white folks' mistakes, but predicated on black folks' ingenuity. All we had to do in the '60s was react to white folks. We never had to do action on our own, just react to white folks.

They said the movement was Communist-inspired. I mean, wait a minute—If I'm pimping and hustling and whoring and pushing drugs, nobody would ever blame that on the Commies. So I kept saying, "Why y'all wanna blame it on the

Communist-inspired.

**HIGH TIMES:** What about the cultural changes of the '60s, the music, the long hair, the style of dress, the hip talk?

**GREGORY:** I always said white children were becoming niggers. And when you become a nigger, you play your music loud, you wear loud clothes so you can be seen. You learn to dance. Once somebody makes me invisible, I'm like a little child. Little children want attention, they start banging and beating and doing things so you'll look at them. I had seen the thing that black folks went through—the way we dressed, the way we wore our hair, the whole *hip* thing. That was just *bein'*. "Hey, man, you don't see me, so I'll stand on the corner with my zoot suit and my chain. I don't care what you say; at least you saw me. You say, 'Ha-ha-ha, look at them niggers,' but at least you saw me, and I saw *that* too. And when I come home, the system's got me so wiped out I've got to play my music loud to drown out the real

America."

And I saw that happen to young whites. For the first time, they got to see the system; for the first time, little precious white ladies that never came in contact with cops sat on college campuses and watched innocent friends get slapped. People that were *for the war* saw things go down, saw people getting their heads busted, saw vicious things going on that they didn't believe could happen.

All niggers act the same. You overdo whatever you have to do. Jews been niggers for so long, they do theirs by overeducating themselves.

I don't think anybody has really analyzed the significance of what the '60s meant to a white status-symbol ethics and integrity, which was not what you *did*, but what you *looked* like. Young whites came through and broke out of that. Your father couldn't take you to the country club because he had talked about them hippy faggots. But it was kind of interesting for black folks, because not until you had the beard and the long hair did you look like a white that I've been with all my life—the picture of Jesus Christ in my house. So, all at once, white boys started looking like Jesus Christ, and their daddies said they were faggots.

All at once, that whole image started changing things. The '60s was the turning point. The '60s were just *beautiful*, and I saw *no* mistakes in the '60s.

**HIGH TIMES:** Present-day movement politics is a lot more fragmented than it used to be. What do you think of, for instance, the feminist movement, the gay-rights movement?

**GREGORY:** I think it's fantastic. I think they're free, I think all of those movements that had to be hidden in the closet—I think the gays should have *stayed* in the closet.

You see, I never trusted the gay-rights movement. Look what Hitler did to the gays. I told all my gay friends, if I was y'all, I would go further back in the closet, because I

think they're gonna wipe you out. Until somebody tells all the hoodlums and all the wives that got some extra fucking on the side to bring it out the closet, then I don't trust somebody starting a movement telling gays to come out of the closet.

I don't believe it's just coincidence that some strange disease is killing gays and Haitian men. I always said that those Haitians that were coming here were not refugees, they were guinea pigs, because that little small country over there—they don't make enough money to pay somebody to take them three blocks in a cab, let alone some white boat driver to violate a law. I don't see no coincidence that homosexuals is dying from some strange disease that's killing Haitian men. They don't *have* it in Haiti, okay. And the Haitian men that died from it here ain't gays.

I don't trust this movement, man. I don't trust what I'm seeing, because America follows the Nazi pattern too close and I saw what Hitler did to homosexuals—wiped them all out. And they still may do the same thing here.

**HIGH TIMES:** So you think this society is fundamentally dangerous for gays?

**GREGORY:** Yes. Definitely. Yes. By all means. Fantastically so. And that little homosexual dude that wrote that book, that pro football player—shit, where is he now? You ain't heard nothing about him. America didn't want to *hear* that.

**HIGH TIMES:** What about El Salvador? What do you think of what's going on there?

**GREGORY:** I think it's one of the worst crazinesses that this country's ever permitted, and it's hard to believe that we can do that right befund what happened in Vietnam. Craziest thing in the world. The slaughter. It ain't gonna work. You see, there is a new energy out the box now, and it is not going to work. They think it is, but it's not.

**HIGH TIMES:** Now, I'd like to give you a series of names, most of them from the '60s, but also some from the present and just get your

takes on them.

**GREGORY:** Wonderful

**HIGH TIMES:** John Kennedy

**GREGORY:** Oh, I think one day he'll go down as one of the nothing presidents that we ever had, that we were turned on to his glamour. That his whole family was hoodlums and thugs and very unethical and very dishonest.

The Kennedys were a good example of glamour. Rich, but they had no real money, that was chump change. I feel sorry for what happened to him, but I think one day, when the real truth comes out, some people will be horrified to find out some of the stuff that went down with him.

**HIGH TIMES:** George Wallace.

**GREGORY:** One of the more vicious, the more dishonest tricksters of white folks, because George Wallace knew better. He manipulated white folks. And then to see him make this drastic change, which he has made. He appointed a black guy the state revenue collector—you put me over the money, man, you've really changed. I think black folks voted for him for two reasons: one, they didn't have an alternative, the other guy was such a heathen, and two, a lot of southern black folks felt God caused him to be like he was—he's repented, he's paid.

**HIGH TIMES:** You're talking about the 1983 George Wallace now?

**GREGORY:** Yes. I think the insult to black folks is he never has apologized to us, nor to America.

I believe that you violate yourself and your God when you don't let people be forgiven, when you don't let people change, when you don't let people repent. But, on his past record there are things he should never be able to do again. If Dick Gregory went to jail for molesting children, then I think anybody's stupid to say that I couldn't be rehabilitated, that I could not change, that I couldn't be remorseful for what I've done. But you've got to be stupid to let me babysit for you.

**HIGH TIMES:** Lyndon Johnson.

**GREGORY:** The most vicious, heathen, hoodlum, tramp, brilliant, clever politician that ever lived in the history of planet Earth. I'm not about to believe that he died from natural causes. He died eight days after he said something to Walter Cronkite that Walter Cronkite has never published. Walter Cronkite was doing this series, and Lyndon Johnson said that he didn't believe Lee Harvey Oswald was the lone conspirator, the lone assassin. He thought it was a conspiracy. And nine days later, Lyndon Johnson was dead.

In all fairness to Walter Cronkite, Walter fought with CBS to get to keep that in, but they made him delete it.

Lyndon Johnson was a very, very, shrewd, cold-blooded, outright hoodlum.

**HIGH TIMES:** Lenny Bruce

**GREGORY:** Loved him. I think there are three recognizable geniuses in satire: Mark Twain, Lenny Bruce and Richard Pryor.

Lenny's workshop was onstage, so in order to take Lenny you had to take the sawdust. Very seldom you get to see people's sawdust.

Lenny was brilliant, sensitive, incredible. He was becoming a cult hero until they did the movie, and the movie just turned people off. As a black seeing the movie, you'd think Lenny was putting black folks down; his jokes were all out of context. That wasn't Lenny. It was an honor to know him, to be close to him, but it was an honor just to be on the same planet with him, even if you never met him.

**HIGH TIMES:** You were friends with him?

**GREGORY:** Yes, not as close as I would have liked, because we were doing our things. But we'd hang, we'd hang.

**HIGH TIMES:** Martin Luther King.

**GREGORY:** Probably the force of the whole planet, forever. He'll get bigger and bigger, and, I imagine, three thousand years from now, somebody might hook a religion to him, and people'll be praying to him. He was never polite to white folks, and then angry when the cameras weren't there. He

was always about love, and about goodness, and about kindness. He talked the way black folks wished they could talk—talked the way black folks wished all black folks talked around white folks.

We sat in our living rooms and looked at what he went through, and we got angry. And we said, in front of our children, in front of our wives, "White dude do that to me I'll kill 'im!" You can't say that for too long before you start hitting white folks. I remember one day I was standing downtown in



Chicago, a white dude had a heart attack and fell over on a black cat, and the black cat beat him all the way down to the ground. I said to my wife, "That must be a cat that committed in his living room. He ain't gonna take *nothin* off white folks."

But King taught us about love. This violent country that can deal with violence, can deal with hatred, don't know how to deal with love, don't know how to deal with peace. We can deal with E.T. as long as he don't look like another human being. As long as E.T. don't look like a Jew, people'll wear him on their T-shirt—that little, ugly funny-lookin' snake—as long as it don't look like a black, like a hip white boy, like another human being. When King came along, we didn't know how to deal with love, how to deal with forgiving, with praying for somebody who had wronged you.

**HIGH TIMES:** J. Edgar Hoover.

**GREGORY:** Oh, probably the most vicious, most dangerous force, more dangerous than

Hitler, because at least people were watching Hitler and knew what he was about. Hoover, up until many of us dirtied up his image, sat at the right hand of God, as far as Americans were concerned. And for a homosexual to have a job that important, without it known that he's a homosexual, can be very dangerous. He looked at presidents as being in transit in his domain. He was there fifty years, and presidents came and went, so he got dirt on presidents and dirt on their friends, so he could

always negotiate with them. He was very dangerous for a country that calls itself a democracy.

**HIGH TIMES:** How about the Beatles?

**GREGORY:** Oh, me and John Lennon became very close. I liked him very much—the sensitivity, his compassion. The drug scene bothered me.

I never bought a Beatle record. I used to tell John that. Me and him used to go all over the world, hang out. Him and Yoko and I did some things together with peace, and I loved that. Matter of fact, when he got killed I never bought that story that they told us, I called some folks that know about who kills who and asked why, and they said El Salvador. They said the next year he was planning on putting up ten percent of all of his wealth for peace movements around the world. That's as close as I come to knowing the Beatles.

**HIGH TIMES:** Nixon, Agnew, Mitchell.

**GREGORY:** Oh, Nixon was America. I'm one of the few that felt sorry for the way he



got put out, because I think that was a conspiracy. See, he double-crossed what this country stands for as far as Masons are concerned. He was doing a Mormon trip, and they caught him, and they busted him for it.

Agnew was the death savior, he was saying to white folks' children what white folks were scared to say. Then, all at once, I saw white folks put their heads down, and they really haven't pulled them up since.

Mitchell. I think the most important thing that came out of the Mitchell era was that Mitchell was the double-crosser, and, to fix him, they put him in jail. We don't kill police, man. Number-one cop in the world we disgrace. We put him in jail. We say, "We'll fix you."

**HIGH TIMES:** Here's another powerful figure of the '60s—Muhammad Ali.

**GREGORY:** Oh, probably the most important figure in the history of the planet, image-wise, because you can go to the backwoods around the world and people who don't

really didn't put the right type of package together, he could really have made a difference in the world with that glamour, had he just put a brain-trust together and a fantastic organization, because little people would listen to him, big people would listen to him. And I think he never used that power, that raw naked god-force, the way it can be used, and still can be used. Nobody on the planet has ever made the mark, visibility, he made, and he's always been on the right side of every issue. Always.

**HIGH TIMES:** Moving to the present day—Ronald Reagan. **GREGORY:** I just thank God that he's as dumb as he is, and he's waking people up that we tolerate things off the Democrats we don't tolerate off the Republicans. When Miami exploded into the worst violence since the '60s, Jimmy Carter was president, and nobody said Jimmy created the atmosphere. Had that happened under the Reagan administration, I'm sure a lot of people would

If Reagan would have died like he was supposed to, then the CIA would have run this country like the KGB is running Russia. I don't think it's a coincidence that, had Reagan died, an ex-CIA would be running this country like an ex-KGB is running Russia.

There's twelve million dollars missing out of his campaign money, they can put Reagan in jail any time they get ready. And I'm not sure they're not going to put him in jail over this environmental thing. Looks like a new Watergate to me. I would be very surprised if Ronald Reagan is around for the next election. I think they'll intimidate him, or put him in jail, or this environmental thing will get nasty enough where he'll have to step down.

**HIGH TIMES:** Richard Pryor. **GREGORY:** A brilliant comic. Brilliant. Quickest, cleverest, fastest genius mind on the planet today. As long as he stays in that bag, he will always be brilliant. Once they take him out and get him doing other stuff, then you're in trouble, but if he stays right where he is.

**HIGH TIMES:** Ed Asner.

**GREGORY:** Let me think about Ed Asner, who is he?

**HIGH TIMES:** "Lou Grant."

**GREGORY:** Oh, yes. No, I don't have a TV in my house. Wouldn't have one around my children. So I don't know anything about him.

**HIGH TIMES:** How about the new black conservatives, the Reagan brain trust.

**GREGORY:** That's always been. They believe all that shit they're talking, but it ain't nothing new. We've been around black folks like that all our lives—that always felt black folks was moving too fast, got to take your time, be careful, all that. We've always been the most conservative folks in this country. Reagan just seeks them out. He gets black folks that were doing good before he picked them. The Democrats get black folks that are has-beens to pay off old political debts.

But if I had to take a choice of hiring some black folks to be with me for the rest of my

life, I would hire the type he's got, over the type the Democrats got. Give you an example. Carlos Campbell head of the Economic Development Administration in the Commerce Department. There ain't never been a black cat in the history of no administration that had that much money power. Reagan has appointed a black cat to be an assistant secretary of commerce. That's incredible! It blows me away. I don't believe it!

**HIGH TIMES:** We're getting close to the end. To sum up what do you think the legacy of the '60s is?

**GREGORY:** It didn't leave us as much as it tore up stuff, and we have to replace it with real values now. We just tore up the whole education system, the whole war game, the whole identify you by-your-clothes, identify-you-by-being-married. We tore it up. For the first time, we said that this thing that you hold in your hand we're gonna destroy gonna knock it down. It hasn't been replaced yet.

What the '60s brought us was an awareness for the first time that everybody that wanted to jump through the box could jump through the box. We can see that with the women's liberation movement, we see that with the Indian movement, we see that with the old folks. All at once, that nobody's ashamed to say we're insane.

We still ain't got to the venereal disease thing. Don't nobody want to talk about venereal disease. We're one of the few countries in the world where it runs rampant. And the '60s didn't do nothing for that, let me tell you. Ain't nobody willing to stand up and say, "Yeah, I got clap, man. Let's wipe it out!" But it opened up a new thing which started liberating the minds of people, and people started challenging things for the first time. The church got challenged for the first time. The state really got challenged. All the values got challenged for the first time. And I think that what will come out of it, if they don't close the country down, will be something good. [



know who Martin Luther King is, or Gandhi or Ho Chi Minh, they know about Muhammad Ali. He came through during a time when there was electronic media that had never been in place before. He had glamour, he had the brilliance of a ninety-billion-year-old man and a two-year-old child. And it's that combination that made his power. He went against the war, and bucked it. And that instilled something in him that no fighter has ever had.

I was saddened that he just

have blamed him. But he's dumb enough to carry himself in such a way that everything nasty you want to blame on somebody you can blame on him.

Of all the presidents, he's the biggest puppet of all, he's manipulated by this East Coast establishment, and whatever they tell him to do he does, and when he gets out of hand they shoot him. The whole time I watched Reagan I knew it wasn't about Reagan, it was about George Bush—about putting the CIA in the White House

# TALES OF THE ZEN BASTARD

Look back in gentle irony at the '60s with the decade's  
imp of the perverse.  
by Paul Krassner.

**T**he first thing I want to say is that I've copyrighted the '60s. So, from now on, every time anybody even mentions that decade, I will automatically get royalties.

The second thing is that everyone who lived through the '60s (bdringg—sound of cash register) has an extremely personal view of that period. For me, it was bracketed by the years I published the *Realist*, 1958-74. My official title was "Editor and Zen Bastard."

Socrates said, "Know thyself." Norman Mailer, in his essay *The White Negro*, augmented that advice to "Be thyself." What the '60s (bdringg) nurtured was the next logical step. "Change thyself."

But, y'know, there's a funny thing about evolution...

## The Tale of J.D. Salinger's Silence

The Zen Bastard's main mantra is *Experience*. He manages to experience high school and college without reading a single book. *Classic Comics* serve as the raw material for book reports. You simply must be careful, when Hamlet stabs himself, not to have him shout "Arrggghh!"

At the age of 21 he reads his first novel, *The Catcher in the Rye*. It is reassuring to see in print the story of a boy who is alienated from his culture. If there is ever another war, says Holden Caulfield, he wants to sit right on top of the bomb.

The Zen Bastard decides to write an autobiographical novel himself, and sends a letter to J.D. Salinger asking permission to use his character, Holden Caulfield.

J.D. Salinger does not answer.

This nonresponse is a most eloquent way of telling the Zen Bastard that he has made an asshole request.

## The Tale of the Media Game

*Time* magazine decides to do a cover story on the hippies. A cable to their San Francisco bureau instructs researchers to "go at the description and delineation of the subculture as if you were studying the Samoans or the Trobriand islanders."

A radio broadcaster is interviewing the Zen Bastard.

"Are you one of those angry young men we've been hearing about?" he asks.

The Zen Bastard yells into the microphone: "No! I'm not angry! What's there to be angry about!"

The interviewer shuts off his tape recorder.

"C'mon," he says. "Play the game."

The Zen Bastard realizes that he can serve as a liaison between the counter-culture and the mass media. So he decides to play the game.

The Zen Bastard becomes a source of information. A researcher from *Newsweek* wants to know the origin of "psychedelic." The Zen Bastard informs her that it was Prof. Humphrey Osmond of Princeton who coined the term.

And of misinformation. When a researcher asks if it is true that the V sign means there is dope for sale, the Zen Bastard cannot resist saying yes. The researcher is surprised to observe how many dope dealers march in an anti-draft rally.

The Zen Bastard has done research into child abuse. He learns that virtually all parents who abuse their children were themselves abused by their parents. But that chain is being broken in the new age. Yet, when he states on the "Mike Douglas Show" that he does not spank his daughter, the audience boos.

During a commercial, another guest, Grand Old Opry star Minnie Pearl, confesses, "I'm afraid of nonconformity."

She is wearing a bonnet that still bears a price tag.

## The Tale of Alan Watts's Laughter

The Zen Bastard interviews Alan Watts.

Q: Would you call yourself a Buddhist?

A: No.

Q: Would you care to enlarge on that?

A: I simply feel that a human being must always recognize that he is qualitatively more than any system of thought he can imagine, and therefore he should never label himself. He degrades himself when he does.

Q: What is Zen?

A: [Soft chuckling]

Q: Would you care to enlarge on that?

A: [Loud guffawing]

Q: Why do you say you aren't an Idealist?

A: I don't think a human being can act at all until he's all of one piece. If he's divided against himself—one part saying, "You should be better than you are"—he's incapable of effective action.

Q: But don't you try to make people better?

A: No. I am, if anything, an entertainer. I love to feel that certain spark leap the gap between the speaker and the audience. But I don't have any message of world-changing nature. The world might change, but not because you're trying to change it.

Q: Isn't that just a rationalization of apathy?

A: No. I once had an argument with Margaret Mead—she was being violently emotional about the necessity of stopping atomic armaments—and I said





that it could be the very violence she was displaying that might bring about atomic war. I want somehow to say to people that they are crying in vain, gnashing their teeth in vain, quarreling and scratching in vain.

Q. Wouldn't you be saying *that* in vain?

A. I would be, if I were trying to alter anything—but if I were simply singing a song—no.

Q. And which are you doing?

A. I'm simply singing a song.

### The Tale of Yoko Ono's Clock

The Zen Bastard makes up his spiritual disciplines as he goes along. Then he watches himself—as objectively as possible—to see what happens.

He lives on the Lower East Side of New York City, where a generation before him had struggled to escape. Now their children make voluntary pilgrimages to the Lower East Side.

It is a matter of crystallizing tribal consciousness.

In the neighborhood, there is a macrobiotic restaurant called The Paradox. Many skinny people eat there. Some of them actually count the number of times they chew their food.

One evening the tables at The Paradox are rearranged in order to allow space for a makeshift stage. Folks climb inside large black cloth bags—alone or with a friend or two—and do whatever they feel like doing, right there onstage.

This is a project of avant-garde artist Yoko Ono. She needs money to keep this theatrical notion going. The Zen Bastard is able to provide a couple thousand dollars, even as he realizes how totally irrational he is acting.

Yoko Ono presents the Zen Bastard with an alarm clock. Only it has no hands. And no numbers. Instead, there is on the face of this clock a bright blue sky with a few white clouds.

But the alarm still works. Every day the Zen Bastard winds that clock and sets it to go off he knows not when. It is just an attention getting device.

Yoko Ono's alarm clock goes off at all times of the day and, naturally, the night. This often happens while the Zen Bastard is in the middle of fucking. It never fails to bring about a mutual, simultaneous adrenalin rush.

After a year the Zen Bastard stops winding Yoko Ono's alarm clock. It had been an impulse purchase, but certainly more than worth the price.

### The Tale of Lenny Bruce's Balls

If Alan Watts is an entertainer in the

"If we would have lost the war, they would have strung Truman up by the balls."—Lenny Bruce

guise of a preacher, Lenny Bruce is a preacher in the guise of an entertainer. Appropriately, Lenny Bruce borrows his working credo from Alan Watts's interview in the *Realist*: "My philosophy is not concerned with what should be, but with what is."

The Zen Bastard asks Lenny Bruce, "What would you say is the role of a comedian?"

"A comedian," he answers, "is one who performs words or actions of his own original creation, usually before a group of people in a place of assembly, and these words or actions should cause the people assembled to laugh at a minimum of, on the average, one laugh every fifteen seconds—or let's be liberal and say one laugh every twenty-five seconds—he should get a laugh every twenty-five seconds for a period of not less than forty-five minutes, and accomplish this feat with consistency in eighteen out of twenty shows."

"Now understand, I'm discussing comedy here as a craft—not as an aesthetic, altruistic art form. The comedian I'm discussing now is not Christ's jester, Timothy; this comedian gets paid, so his first loyalty is to the club owner, and he must make money for the owner."

"If he can upgrade the moral standards of his community and still get laughs, he is a *fine* craftsman..."

Several months later, Lenny Bruce begins at times to become so serious onstage that the laughs do not exactly

come every 15 to 25 seconds.

The Zen Bastard asks him about this apparent inconsistency.

"Yes," he replies, "but I'm changing."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not a comedian. I'm Lenny Bruce."

Often, an audience *assumes* he is trying to be funny.

When actor Gary Cooper dies, Lenny Bruce is touched by the *New York Daily News* headline, *THE LAST ROUNDUP*, and he shows this to the audience. They laugh, of course.

And when he happens to hear on the radio a rock 'n' roll song, "There's a Rose in Spanish Harlem," he buys the record, walks onstage with a phonograph and *plays* it. "Listen to these lyrics," he tells the audience. "This is like a Puerto Rican *Porgy and Bess*." They laugh, of course.

Yet, consider the audacity of a so-called comedian who would stand on a nightclub stage—the Gate of Horn in Chicago, December 1962—request all lights off except one dim blue spot, ask his audience to have compassion for a certain Nazi mass murderer and then *become* him, continuing in a German accent:

"My name is Adolf Eichmann. And the Jews came every day to what they thought would be fun in the showers... People say I should have been hung. *Nein!* Do you recognize the whore in the middle of you—that you would have done the same if you were there yourselves?"

"My defense: I was a soldier. I saw the end of a conscientious day's effort. I watched through the portholes. I saw every Jew burned and turned into soap. Do you people think yourselves better because you burned your enemies at long distance without ever seeing what you had done to them? *Hiroshima, auf wiedersehen.* [German accent ends.] If we would have lost the war, they would have strung Truman up by the balls."

Lenny Bruce is arrested for obscenity that night.

One of the items on the police report complains: "Then talking about the war he stated, 'If we would have lost the war, they would have strung Truman up by the balls.'"

Since Lenny Bruce has just been seeing things from Adolf Eichmann's point of view, seeing things now from the point of view of his arresting officers is almost anticlimactic. He does not blame them.

"If the cops in City A bust me," he says, "and then the cops in City B bust me, the cops in City C *better* bust me or

what kind of toilet police department are they running?"

But a few years and several arrests later, Lenny Bruce goes to the San Francisco office of the FBI and asks them to investigate a conspiracy against him by police departments around the country.

The FBI proceeds to put this request in Lenny Bruce's FBI file.

### The Tale of Bob Dylan's Leg

Backstage at the Newport Folk Festival, Bob Dylan is pulling on his hair in frustration. People in the audience have been booing him for going electric. It is truly a case of instant karma, for he has just sung the musical question, "How does it feel to be on your own, like a rolling stone?"

Everybody seizes upon the songs of Bob Dylan for their own needs.

One-Legged Terry has lost his previous other leg to a machine. Listening to the songs of Bob Dylan inspires his recuperation. He learns to make the most of his handicap. Eventually he smuggles a huge chunk of hashish into America by taping it to what remains of his thigh. What customs agent would be so insensitive as to search a stump?

A.J. Weberman analyzes every word of every lyric Bob Dylan has ever written. One night the Zen Bastard accompanies him to a place where a thick computer printout of those efforts are waiting.

The Zen Bastard says to A.J. Weberman, "You may be crazy, but you're not lazy."

The Zen Bastard asks Bob Dylan what he thinks of A.J. Weberman.

"He's unnecessary."

Bob Dylan likes to make simple declarative sentences.

The Zen Bastard asks him how he feels about the Nazis slaughtering six million Jews.

"I resented it."

And so it comes to pass that One-Legged Terry finds himself teaching Hebrew to Bob Dylan. As a boy the folk singer had gone to a Zionist youth camp. Now as a man he will travel to the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem.

The Zen Bastard asks him, "Are you going back to your roots?"

"Are you going back to *your* roots?"

Bob Dylan is obviously becoming more Jewish because now he answers a question with a question.

The Jewish religion believes that there is a Messiah but that he hasn't arrived yet. Bob Dylan has taken that retroactive leap of faith. First he chants, "Don't follow leaders," then decides to follow one—Jesus Christ himself—join-

# We all seem to become parodies of ourselves, the Zen Bastard not excluded.

ing the ranks of Susan Atkins, Eldridge Cleaver, Charles Colson, Larry Flynt and Colonel Sanders.

Everybody seizes upon the born-again experience of Bob Dylan for their own needs.

The Zen Bastard incorporates it into standup comedy. "Bob Dylan has a new song—'Something is happening and you don't know what it is, do you, Mr. Jew?'"

One-Legged Terry challenges Bob Dylan to a debate. If Bob Dylan wins, One-Legged Terry has to convert. If One-Legged Terry wins, Bob Dylan has to give him a leg transplant.

Meanwhile, A.J. Weberman has transmuted his talent into the diligent research of assassination conspiracies.

And Bob Dylan has recorded a song about Lenny Bruce—who was rather irreverent about Christianity and all its rules of what *should* be.

Perhaps Lenny Bruce will serve as Bob Dylan's halfway house to secular humanism.

### The Tale of Dick Gregory's Lunch

A comedian working at the Playboy Club gets sick. Dick Gregory takes his place. He becomes the first black comic to work in a nonblack nightclub.

One of his lines onstage is about sitting in at a lunch counter for several months—and then, when it is finally integrated, they don't have what he wants.

The Zen Bastard asks if this is literally true.

"I intended just what it meant. I don't like going to a restaurant and getting lox and bagel."

Dick Gregory becomes a civil-rights activist. Ultimately, he runs for president of the United States as a write-in candidate.

J. Edgar Hoover sends a memo to the Chicago office of the FBI. "Chicago should review Gregory's file and his current activities to develop counterintelligence designed to neutralize him."

This should not be in the nature of an exposé since he already gets far too much publicity. Instead, sophisticated, completely untraceable means of neutralizing Gregory should be developed to discredit Gregory within the extremist black nationalist movement, or to cause friction between him and other leaders of this movement."

A month later J. Edgar Hoover sends another memo, instructing the FBI to develop "a counterintelligence operation to alert La Cosa Nostra (LCN) to Gregory's attack on LCN."

The inside Mafia joke becomes, "Tell the FBI we don't do no freebies."

When Dick Gregory performs today, liquor is not sold. He starts out with jokes and weaves his way into incredible, shocking conspiracy theories.

He claims in all seriousness that Ronald Reagan was actually shot by the Secret Service agent *inside* the car. The audience does not laugh, it gasps.

In Minneapolis, a comedian tells his audience that Ronald Reagan was actually shot by the Secret Service agent *inside* the car. The audience does not gasp, it laughs.

Meanwhile, Dick Gregory goes on a 90-day fast.

Now the lunch counter finally has what he wanted, but it doesn't make any difference.

### The Tale of Emmett Grogan's Identity

Astrologer Robin Clauson states: "In mid-September 1963, Pluto, the planet of rebirth, moved into the United States' house of youth and pleasure. On September 24, 1981, Pluto moves into the United States' house of labor and health. Youth have become the workers and now the workers are going to rebel. Everybody will be concerned with jobs and health."

In New York City, Celeste, official astrologer for the underground paper, *East Village Other*, makes all business decisions. The staff wants to change to a weekly schedule in the fall of 1967, but the horoscope she casts calls for

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# COPPING

Stories from a Lifetime of Getting High on the Road  
by Michael Bloomfield as told to Larry Sloman.

**N**arcotics, alcohol, hallucinogens, cocaine, marijuana. For years, drugs of all sorts have been associated with musicians. People can tell you, "Well, it's really not necessary." It probably isn't necessary, but I've been a professional musician since I turned 15 and I've found drugs to play a really important part in many musicians' lives. I've got a friend named Greenspan that says, "I need a little cocaine to give me energy. I need a little liquor to give me courage. And I need a little pot to give me inspiration." I believe this to be the case for many musicians.

They'll need speed or coke to give them poop when they don't got poop. They'll need booze to make them feel jolly and give them some feeling when they don't got feeling. They'll smoke pot because when you smoke, for some strange reason, the music sounds better to you and it's more enjoyable to play it. If they become addicts, they'll need junk just to function, to get straight.

I tend to stay slightly fucked-up all the time. So that the car horns and the Puerto Ricans that walk around with giant loud radios don't drive me crazy all day. That's just me. But drugs act as a buffer to keep musicians going as they pay their day-to-day dues. There's a whole lot of things that musicians have to deal with that some people find pleasurable and some find deleterious. As a matter of fact, they're both. If you see the movie *Coal Miner's Daughter*, you can get a good example of it. It's very nice to be idolized, to have people like you. But a little too much of it and you can get smothered and swarmed in it. You begin to wonder who you are, and you develop other identities—a public persona and a private face, and sometimes it gets very hard to separate the two of them.



In many cases, drugs are used as an actual way to set a mind-state that is immediately recognizable. People may think this or that about me. People may want this or that of me. I may want this or that of me. But I know if I take a particular chemical, I'll attain a state that I can rely on. So in this way, I think drugs make a musician's life a little more dealable.

Drugs are also purely functional for the musician. They need a certain amount to get them to the gig and a certain amount to get them down from the gig, maybe even a certain amount to inspire them to play well. In actuality, the best possible situation I've experienced is the drug-free situation, and I'm not trying to be moralistic here. Morally, I don't care what anyone does. If someone likes to shoot up battery acid, that's his business. But I've found in my life that the periods I've been drug free have been the most productive, and the happiest. In all honesty, I've had very few of those periods, and that's true for most musicians I know except for the ones who

have recently found their way back to Jesus.

So copping, physically obtaining the drugs, becomes an important thing. It's very seldom in a person's life that one gets gratification. If you work, you may get gratified on payday. Or you may get stroked by your boss. But if you score junk, for instance, you can lie there and nod out for however long the dope lasts and you are actually getting gratified.

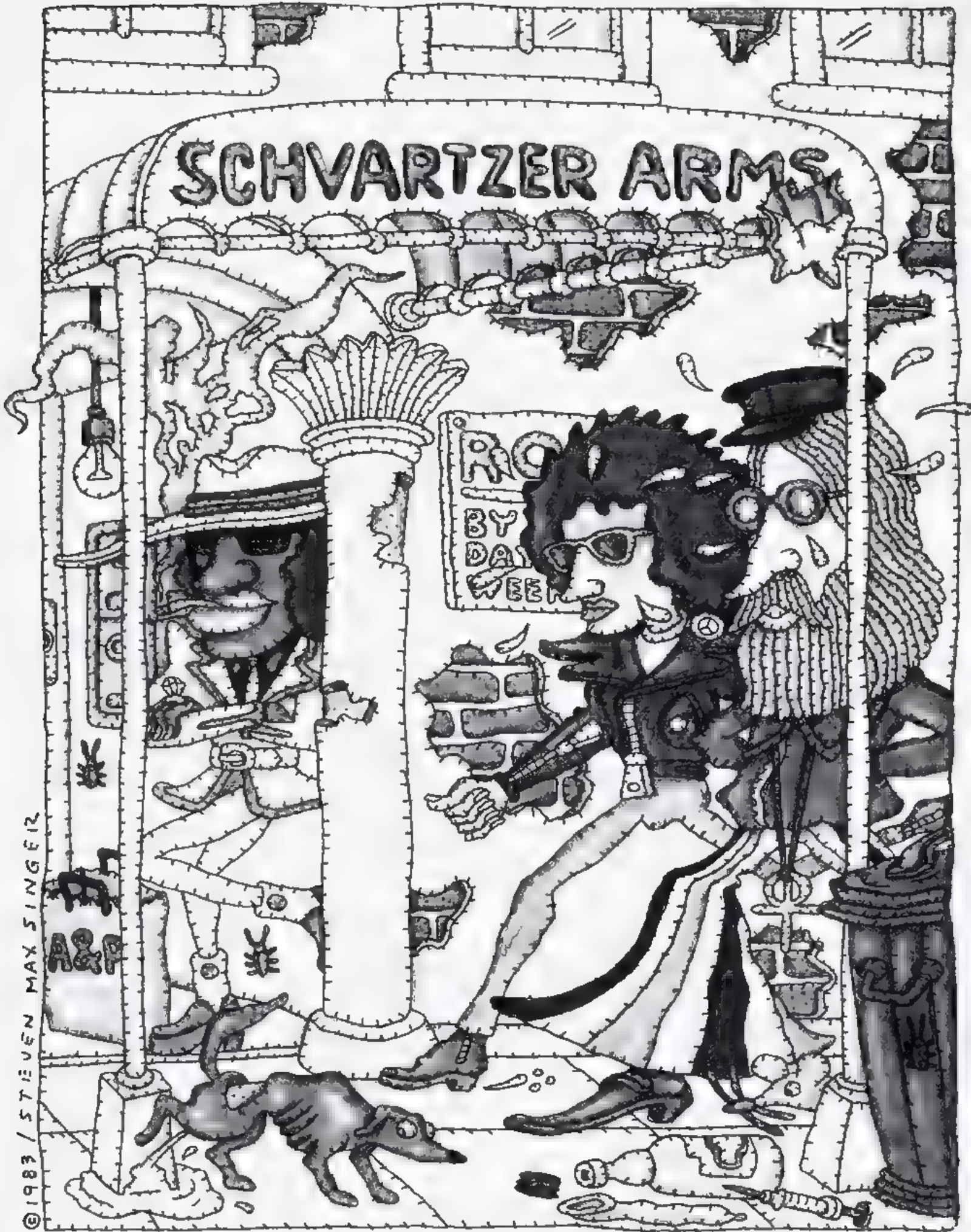
Don't get me wrong, copping junk is hard work in itself. You can go out and spend 14 hours doing it. You may have to rip someone off or steal something from someplace and then sell it to a fence and then get the money and then go to the man and then cop. And, hopefully, you won't get burned. But that's a lot of actual hard physical work. But gratifying work, and that's a rarity in life. I've played very good sets and I've really enjoyed the music, and I couldn't really say that it was a gratifying experience. I may have enjoyed myself but the audience may not have. Or the audience may have enjoyed themselves but my guitar string was out of tune. Or the audience and I may have enjoyed ourselves but the drummer was playing out of time. So it's not very often that you can get something that on such a basic chemical level is thoroughly gratifying.

So here are some of my favorite copping stories: copping on the road, copping at home, copping grass, copping junk, even copping beer. Sometimes you score big, sometimes you get burnt, but one thing—it's never boring...

**T**here's a hotel in New York. It's on 23rd Street; it's a very famous hotel. Andy Warhol shot movies in this hotel. I was living there for a long time, and there were many, many dope dealers



# SCHVARTZER ARMS



living in the hotel, and there were two of them I remember in particular—one's name was Charles, and he was really into vegetarian food and herbalistic health healing and dealing psychedelic drugs, and the other was a very slender English gentleman, who was into dealing nothing but strange forms of heroin, like dilaudid, numorphan and different forms of opiates...and there was extreme rivalry between Charles and this other guy, whose name was Miles. So, I'm up there and I'm copping from this guy Miles, and Charles comes in all in a snit and he's really upset and they're both English fellows, and, I think, they're both gay fellows too.

And Charles is really upset at Miles for selling this horribly pollutant stuff to these various people, and the thing of it was that all the people that Miles was selling to were these junkies, and the last thing in the world they wanted to do was to buy some acid from Charles. But Charles was this real nice guy—he would give you a meal. And he comes in, and he has this big shit-fit with this guy Miles. He says, "Listen, Miles, listen, I don't want you selling these hard drugs, this heroin, to all these musicians that live in this hotel, because what they should be doing is eating salad and eating a whole lot of celery and a whole lot of watercress and great deals of parsley, and they should be taking psychedelic drugs, 'cause psychedelics are better for them." And Miles says, "Charles, don't you know, you fool, they're all fucking junkies, they're strung out at the toes, it wouldn't do them a goddamn bit of fucking good to take this fucking shit. Let them fucking take the drugs that they need" And they start getting into some sort of bizarre homosexual battle where it ends up that Charles, who always walked around in like this caftan, pulls open his caftan and urinates on this guy Miles.

And he also pees on the table where his drugs are. So we've now got heroin that's saturated in piss. That's okay, the junkies aren't going to bitch, they'll buy it anyway. So we cop a whole mess of this—it's the only time I've ever experienced heroin cut with piss. So we buy this piss-smack and I take it down to my room and I'm rooming with this organ player, a Jewish fellow. And another friend comes up to the room and we offer him dope. And so we fix it up for him and he injects it into himself and he immediately falls down and turns blue...he turns purple. I say, "Oh, my God, this guy's died on us.



What are we going to do? We should call an ambulance." And the organ player says, "I think he's already dead." I say, "I think the best thing we could do is, we'll put him in the alley" So we take him downstairs and we put him in the alley. Meanwhile, this other guy, a guy I used to play with, a horn player from Greenwich, Connecticut, he comes in, and he wants some drugs too, and he gets some drugs and he goes downstairs and he starts acting in this very wired, aberrated fashion... like he's taken a huge amount of amphetamine.

But he hasn't, he's taken this smack urine. He's really crazed and he doesn't have any clothes on. He goes down to the lobby and I call the guy down in the lobby and I say, "Listen, there's a guy down there, he's acting real crazy, he doesn't have any clothes on. If you see him, tell him that you don't know where we are, even though he's come from the room that we were in. Tell him that we've moved to another room," 'cause this guy, he's too crazy, he's walking around naked in the lobby and he's raising hell and he's talking nuts—he's saying, "Those guys burned me, I don't know what it is they give me, but they burned me."

Meanwhile, a couple hours had passed, and the guy in the alley comes to life again, miraculously—thank God he hasn't died—and he comes up the stairs and he says, "Hey, you guys, I woke up and I was lying in an alley. How did I get there, what was going on?" I say, "Geez, I'm so sorry, man, but you turned purple and we thought you died, and we didn't know what else to do with you, so we put you

down in the alley." He says, "Well, at least you could have called an ambulance or something." I say, "We held a mirror in front of your mouth and we couldn't see any breath. We thought you had pegged out, so we figured the alley was the best place for you." Then I say, "Will you do us a favor, we'll get you a cab, could you go home now? Because all you're doing is...you're walking around here and you're looking very unhappy and you're bringing us down." So we get him a cab, and he says, "I'm in no condition to go in a cab." I say, "Sure you are, you're fine." We call him a cab, we put him in it... He tells the cab driver his address and he schlepps him off.

Meanwhile, the naked guy that had been walking around the lobby, the horn player, they take him to Bellevue, and he's in the nuthouse and that's good, were happy. Me and the organ player go upstairs. We're stoned out and we go to sleep... and they can take the rest of them and they can all *gey en dned* for all I care.

**C**opping. I'm playing with this famous musician, a man they say started folk music, and he loved to drink wine. He drank wine till he couldn't drink no more. And he didn't eat. Didn't want food—to eat was to vomit, by him. So, I'm with him and also with an illustrious famous manager, who managed very illustrious famous people too—a fat man with a lot of gray hair that I used to call cumulus nimbus, the gray cloud. So one day he takes this folk-rock musician and myself to Ratner's, and he's trying to make an attempt to get some food down the folk-rock musician's throat.

First he orders bean-and-barley soup and it's the best bean-and-barley soup I've ever seen in my life. I'm eating it like it's going out of style. I just scarf the thing in seconds. The illustrious folk-rock musician, he's picking at it; he takes out a piece of bean and he cuts it with a knife, and he looks at it. He goes, "Uuuhhh," and then, "Bleeekh," and he puts it back and he puts it on a little saucer he's got, where he puts out beans. So he takes out a piece of barley—he'll eat the barley. The broth, he doesn't screw with at all.

The manager, he's thinking, "Well, this is not much nourishment. He says, "Okay, I'll order you sturgeon—the best, white sturgeon. Do you know what sturgeon goes for?" He orders him a whole plate of sturgeon—I've never seen anything like this in my life. It's like fiesta day at Zabar's—he comes

with this giant huge platter of sturgeon and lettuce and onions and tomatoes. And the folk-rock musician looks at the sturgeon. He looks at it like, what is this. It could be human flesh for all he knows. He don't know zilch from this. So the manager picks up the sturgeon in his hand and he says in Yiddish, he says, "Ess, Kinder, ess." It means, eat, child, eat. And he breaks off a little bit, and he puts it in his mouth so he should taste it and enjoy the taste and maybe eat.

And the folk-rock musician takes a little in his mouth and he chews and he finds it slightly approving, and he eats a little bit, and after about the fourth bite he starts eating it with his own hands. On the sixth bite, he spits it in the manager's face and he goes, "What is this? It's smoked fish, isn't it? It's fish of some sort. I don't eat things with grease, where's my wine?"

**A**mong the many illustrious people that the same famed manager with the long gray hair and the pudgy body, who I call cumulus nimbus, managed was Janis Joplin.

We're playing in Memphis, Tennessee, and my job is to organize and arrange her band. We're playing on a soul show, with every Stax artist that exists. We're playing with Carla Thomas, and Rufus Thomas, and Albert King, and Steve Cropper, and Booker T and the MG's, and Eddie Floyd, and Johnny Taylor, and the only people that aren't there are Sam & Dave and Otis Redding, 'cause they're dead, but it's the big Stax Christmas show and every cracker in Memphis is there, and they love it.

So we play the concert that night, and all these southern acts get up there and each one's better than the next and the people love them. And Janis gets up there with that band, and the guitar player, he turns his amp up to about 500, he's drowning out the horns—the organ player, who's a fine organ player, you can't hear him at all, the drummer's drowned out. All you could hear is that guitar, and Janis.

The concert just starts real easy and it builds to this thing. Then they bring on Janis and the thing goes right into the toilet. So that night, Janis is in dire need for something to get her through that night.

So, she gets ahold of some schvartze, a moonshiner who sold hooch liquor that he made in his house—apparently he had some sort of heroin connection as well. So he gets the smack and he sells it to Janis and she takes the junk and she goes with the trumpet player in



her band into the bedroom and they get high together and they go to bed. And meanwhile, the manager wants to know what's going on. He's knocking on the door and he goes, "Janis, are you in there?" And all he hears is, "Yeeaaaahhh." He hears giggles, and he hears the trumpet player going, "Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh, heh." He goes, "Janis, are you okay, are you okay?" and the trumpet player goes, "Hehhhhhhh," and he giggles and giggles and giggles and giggles and giggles—so the manager finally gets really crazy.

He goes, "I wonder if I can get a Holiday Inn key and get in this room and see what's going on there." So he goes down and he gets the bell cap and he comes up with the key and Janis hears the key turning in the door. And she has this pitcher of ice that she's got there and she throws it in the bell cap's face and it hits the manager too. She says, "Listen, you're not coming in this room tonight, there's no one coming in this room tonight. I've had enough with people bothering me tonight." And lying on the bed, under the covers, is the trumpet player who the manager hates. He's lying there, he's still giggling, he's going, "Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh."

So the next day we fly back to San Francisco. And we get to Janis's neighborhood. She lives at 23rd and Noe Street and it's just a stone hippy neighborhood and she's going, "Oh, look at all the hippies, look at all these... Boy, look at all these hippies, boy, I'm so glad to be with all these hippies again. And the one thing I want to do most of all is cop." The first thing she does, she goes... she's living with this one girl who's a

lesbian, another girl who's a semilesbian and a third girl who was just—I don't know what. I think she's a hooker, or a groupie or something.

And all of them go out and the first thing they do is they cop. And they get a bunch of dope and they bring it back and we all get high together. I'm lying there and I'm so screwed up I can hardly move and I call up my friend Ira. I say, "Ira, I'm over at Janis Joplin's house and I'm so stoned I can't move at all. So what you're going to have to do is you're going to have to pick me up and drive me home because I can hardly walk and I can barely talk, so you have to take me home." So Ira takes me home. Ira's one of my best friends. He doesn't do drugs, but he had a strange habit himself, though. What he would do is, he would hang out with all these junkies and they would all get high together and they would lie in a group, a sort of a group grope, this polymorphous perverse group grope, and Ira would lie on top of them and sort of glom onto their junk vibes while doing nothing himself.

**I**t's 1968 and I'm in a seven-piece band and we're doing the soundtrack for a movie that's about LSD, produced by a guy named Roger Corman. I think it was the first acid movie that had ever been made. The star of the movie's sister is a feminist, activist, actress herself and the star's father is one of the greatest American actors, and so this guy is making an acid movie, and he hires us to do the soundtrack.

So we do the soundtrack and we're having a very strange time trying to cop, living in L.A., doing that soundtrack. Half of the band is like strung-out as pigs, and we have one of the best deals I'd ever run into. This guy would come to our door and deliver drugs, we'd never have to call up. It was like every day he'd show up and he would have the heroin. Anyway, we finally finish the soundtrack and they're having the premiere of the movie, the first showing for all the backers.

All the guys in the band who are addicts come in, the movie's like half-way over and we're stoned out of our minds, and we're nodding out and we're sitting in the front row, and we're like one inch from the screen—we have to sit with a 90 degree angle just to see the movie. But it's okay, 'cause it doesn't make any difference, 'cause we're not watching the movie, we're in a stone stupor—we're just sitting there unconscious. So the movie ends, and everybody files out of the theater and there's

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# MESSIANIC MIND SPRAY

—Or Assorted Sketches from Swinging London

by William Levy

"Something happened to me yesterday."

—The Rolling Stones

**W**hat was so splendid about the '60s? During the '70s, when nothing happened save *Avantia* and *Luxuria*, I was constantly put down for my own active role. Among other things, I was editor of London's *International Times* in 1967–68. Remember, at this time London was the capital of the world: This was the height of Swinging London, when optimism reigned supreme. The Beatles, the Stones, the Who were there; David Bailey's photographs and Jean Shrimpton's mini skirts were changing society's outer image and R.D. Laing and David Cooper's anti-psychiatry were doing the same for one's inner world. All fueled, of course, by LSD. *International Times*, or *IT*—as it was called—was Europe's leading underground publication: a fortnightly newspaper, it had over a quarter-million readers in England and on the Continent. "Oh, he is of the '60s, man!" some say about me. As if there was something wrong with having experienced the vital influence of an eternal symbol reborn, and done something about it.

**C**oincidence is God's way of calling our attention to something. Everyone has noticed how things seem to happen in multiples of three. First there was Alex Trocchi, we ran into each other this winter. "Come into the café," he said, "and let me buy you a drink."

*Cain's Book* and the *Helen and Desire* series secured Alexander Trocchi's high reputation as a novelist; Guillaume Apollinaire's *The Debauched Hospodar* as a translator. In 1964 he published an astounding manifesto: *The Invisible Insurrection of a Million Minds*—and followed it with, *Sigma: A Tactical Blueprint*. These ideas and tactics were, at once, prophetic and seminal.

The State is not an institution that can

be destroyed by a revolution. The State is a condition, a certain relationship between human beings, a mode of human behavior; we destroy it by contracting other relationships, by behaving differently. Rejecting any direct, frontal confrontations, Alex wrote:

"The cultural revolt must seize the grids of expression and powerhouses of the mind. History will not overthrow national governments; it will outflank them. The cultural revolt is the necessary underpinning, the passionate substructure of a new order of things."

And later, Alex was the first to notice the visual pun: "£SD/Pounds Shillings Pence/Lysergic Acid." We started to speak about the late '60s in London, when we had seen each other regularly. What a time! Indeed! Acid had created a physical solution to metaphysical problems. Freed from the stranglehold of the logical positivists, the word had become flesh and dwelt in us. (For one thing, in England we could trip without body counts.) We believed ourselves to be a divinely appointed elite cadre. As I titled my first editorial in *IT*: "Every Man His Own Messiah." Just then, someone came to the table where we were sitting, sat down and casually told Alex.

"You should get off heroin, Burroughs did!"

"Thanks for the advice. I have been taking junk for thirty years," Alex replied, perhaps sarcastically, and drank a sip of whiskey. "Bill was never much of a junkie. I turned him on to pills in Edinburgh in 1962—he was out for two days."

We never continued our conversation. But soon afterward, a second suspicious synchronicity occurred when I visited with Judith Malina and Julian Beck of the Living Theatre. I had just heard Judith read from her new book, *Poems of a Wandering Jewess* (Paris, 1982), followed by Julian reading an imaginary dialogue between himself,

Karl Marx and Martin Buber in a hotel room. Sitting in a hotel room, I wondered: Who is who?

They told me how they have been living in Italy, giving 150 performances a year in 50 small towns to keep the theater going. Now they have been offered their own place in Paris by the new socialist government that will support both new productions and the group. Then the conversation switched back to the '60s; we, too, know each other from that time.

The Living Theatre came out of the theatrical tradition of wandering bards, but transcends mere theatrical conventions. With their productions of *Frankenstein*, *Antigone*, *Mysteries* and *Paradise Now*, they toured Europe and—in the '60s especially—came into contact with, and turned on, a lot of people. Their communal vision, their practical experiments with sex, money and violence in an alternative society, helped illuminate the times.

"What happened?!" asked Julian. "People blame us because they weren't able to sustain the vision."

"You know, Julian!" I replied with emphatic levity. "The old carrot and the stick. A few dozen assassinations, a few dozen more busts; and at the same time offering access to cultural positions and easy bank credit. First we wanted to change the world, then everyone wanted a stereo. First we wanted to all get hip. Then we wanted to sell things to squares. I could go on. There are always those who want to transform values, a lifetime career. Others want a transfer of power, preferably in their favor. You know also, when one talks liberty everything seems beautifully simple. One expects all gates to open and all walls to fall flat and all voices to shout for joy."

Judith lit another pipe and coughed. Julian shrugged and said, "The enemy was smarter, more flexible and had greater resources than we thought. But



First we  
wanted to change  
the world, then  
everyone wanted  
a stereo.  
First we wanted  
to all get hip.  
Then we wanted  
to sell things to  
squares.

there have been significant changes. The roles between teacher and student, between employer and employee are different—less rigid and authoritarian, because of what happened in '68. What's necessary now is an end to the paralysis."

I wasn't surprised when Jim Haynes phoned from Paris a few days later asking for a contribution to his participatory autobiography, *Thanks for Coming!* The third point on the triangle.

We spoke about organizing "The Alchemical Wedding" in December 1968. The theme was: The revolution is over and we have won! John Lennon and Yoko Ono made love in a white bag on the stage of Royal Albert Hall, complicating the question the Beatles had already answered 18 months before: "How many holes does it take to fill the Albert Hall?" We laughed about that. We also showed the film *Tantra*, made by Mick Jagger.

"Our life has touched on so many points," Jim said. "But I'm a little weak on that time together in London."

"Don't despair. Forgetfulness is a gift from heaven. But seriously—What do you want me to do?"

"Well," Jim said, "could you do something about when you were editor of *IT*?"

**L**ike everyone else who has been around, I've got a little list. I've also got a trunk in the attic. It's one of those large, old-fashioned wooden trunks, about three feet high and four feet long, with bubbles of metal on the corners and

bound by leather straps. The kind used for transatlantic boat crossings. In fact, I still have it from when I arrived in Southampton aboard the *Queen Mary* in 1966. Now it's filled with paper memos, diaries, notebooks, publications long forgotten. A gold mine for any number of cultural historians and social geographers.

The archive angel is with me. Almost immediately I find my Arts Lab membership card—no. 43. Wow! That's like being one of the first 50 Illuminati. Skimming further through this paper mess, I quickly discover diary notes from September 1967—when I was editor of *International Times*.

Tuesday, 19 Sept '67 *Jim and I go out on the town. He says: "You are spending too much time working in the house. Part of being editor is to show yourself around town." We take a taxi to Mayfair, to Huntington Hartford's, who is giving a party tonight for Sammy Davis, Jr. It is obvious the house is seldom used, decorated like a hotel suite. Tonight it's packed. The women are garishly dressed. For the most part, ambitious merchants' wives, hookers and showgirls. The older men are in business suits. The younger ones, chinless wonders in Granny Takes a Trip gear. Plenty of food and drink. We all wait around for a few hours. Suddenly a wave of excitement flows through the crowd from the direction of the downstairs entrance! There he is! Sammy Davis. Flanked by Huntington Hartford, both run through the rooms saying, "Hi there!" and "Good to see you again" and "Yes, we must get together." They press as much flesh as possible, then disappear again.*

*We leave, and take another taxi to Peter Owen's house in Fulham. It's a small publisher's party for the Guatemalan novelist Miguel Asturias. He seems like a nice man. I get into a rather heated discussion with Mario Amayata, an editor of an arts magazine. He is very excited because he has an appointment tomorrow with Jenny Lee, the new minister of arts. He is not amused when I ask, "What does this have to do with art or culture?"*

*An evening of living Dada*

Although I claim no credit for Miguel Asturias winning the Nobel Prize for Literature, or for Mario Amayata being shot, together with Andy Warhol, by Valerie Solanas of *Scum*, I do recall wishing the Guatemalan well, and the art editor ill. *Granny Takes a Trip*, located on the King's Road at World's End, was London's hippest clothing store. At the time it had the back end of an automobile molded onto the front of the shop, as if it had crashed into it.

Tuesday, 26 Sept '67—*John Michell phones. He is back in London after rural rides with Sir Mark Palmer and his gypsy band of horse-drawn caravans. Also side-trips to Glastonbury. Wants to come over and tell me about it. Tell him to come right over.*

This is two months before John Michell published his first book, *Flying Saucer Vision*, which he called, in a later edition, "a genuine artefact of 1967"

On June 21 I accompanied the Druids to Stonehenge and took part in their midsummer solstice ceremony. Just as in America where there was enormous interest in the Hopi Indians, at this time, England too was investigating its ancient roots. On the bus ride to Salisbury Plain, the Arch Druid invited me to speak with him. He said to me, "If your readers want to get high on banana skins, they should add silver nitrate." Soon after, I dropped acid. The rest was somewhat hazy, yet intense. We all put on robes. Walked around the stone circle, chanting. At dawn, when the sunlight hit the altar stone, we walked up, one by one, and touched it.

It was the next day that John and I first met.

Many have said that Swinging London did not produce a great writer. John Michell's works contradict this wish: his writings have honored the English language. To mention just a few of his books—*The View over Atlantis*, *City of Revelation*, *Earth Spirit*, *Life of Bligh*, *Simulacra*, *Ancient Metrology* and *Megalithomania*—tells only part of the story. He also has been a humorous pamphleteer against metrification, birth control and Darwinism; a cosmological painter; and he has single-handedly reconsecrated Glastonbury Tor as a holy place of the traditional and true revelatory religion.

Harassed out of England, our mutual friend, Michael X, went back to Trinidad where he was falsely accused of murder. In an attempt to draw attention to this injustice, John and I coedited a *Souvenir Programme for the Official Lynching of Michael Abdul Malik* (London-Cambridge, 1973). In this book were some of Michael's stories, poems and observations taken from various literary and oral sources, including conversations with Richard Alpert, later Baba Ram Dass. William Burroughs called Michael "A writer of considerable distinction." Kate Millett said: "It's the hideous combination of racism and sexism that permits these kinds of trials to happen." John Lennon and Yoko Ono

*/ continued on page 67*



# YESTERDAY'S PAPERS

In days of old  
When pot was gold  
And we never heard of disco

We opened our minds  
And shook our behinds  
Then trucked on out to Frisco

(But then, man, like there was all this bad acid,  
and like everybody started shooting speed; Janis and  
Jimi died, they closed the Fillmore, my girlfriend  
got the clap—What a bummer!) So...

I played it cool  
I finished school  
And mastered Fortran Seven

Now I got bucks  
And a job that sucks—  
The '60s seem like heaven.

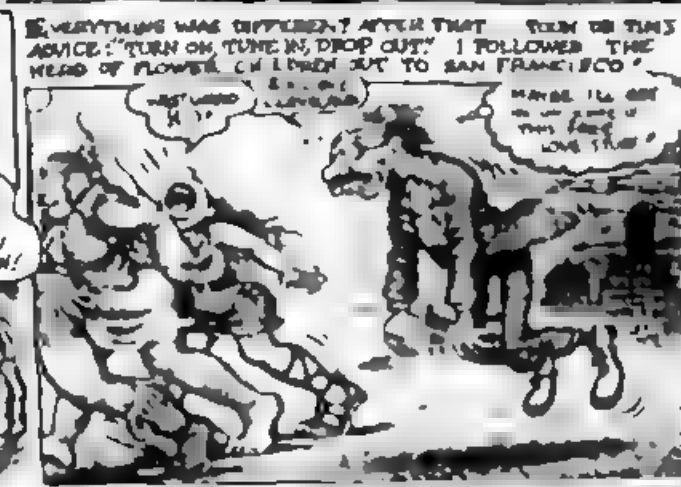
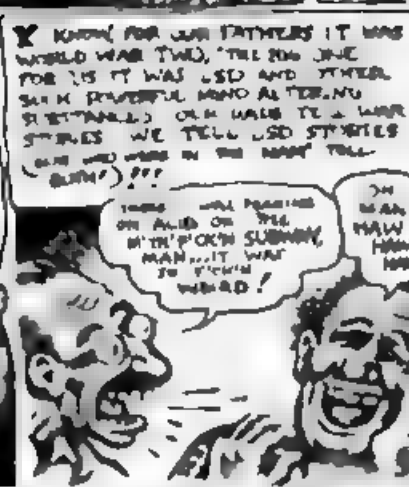
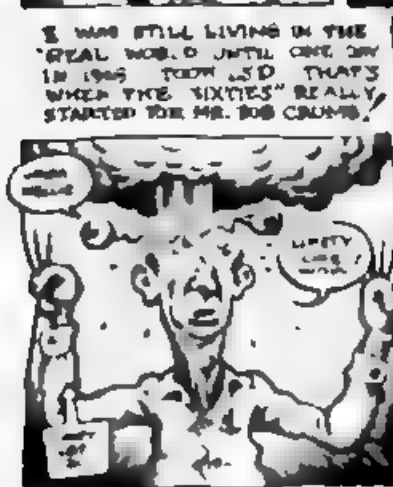
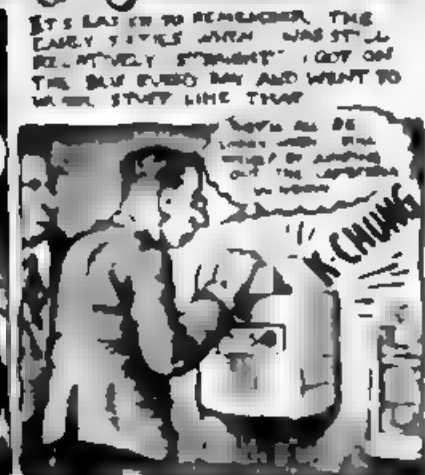






# REMEMBER THE SIXTIES

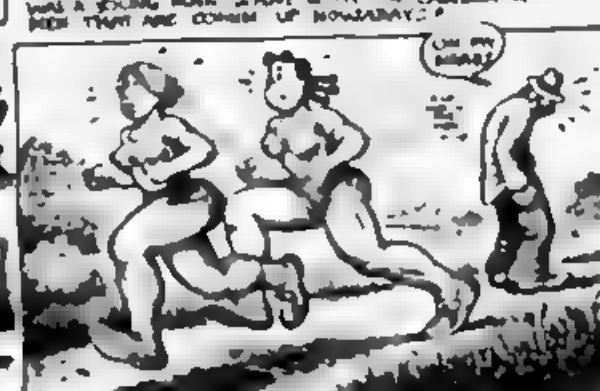
R. CRUMB  
LOOKS BACK!



AND THAT REMINDS ME OF ONE OF MY FONDEST MEMORIES OF THE SIXTIES: YOU COULD ALWAYS SEE A LOT OF LEGS EVERYWHERE YOU WENT!

ON THE OTHER HAND, HOWEVER, IF YOU WERE A GAY MAN, IT WAS ALWAYS IN A STATE OF PERMANENT EXHAUSTION BY NO FEAR OF ANY TWO MUCH IN CONTROL OF MY EMOTIONS

IF WE WERE THE DAYS LATE, WOMEN WERE 'CHICKS' AND STILL WANTED TO MEN FOR A DANCE AND PROTECTION, BUT IF YOU WANTED TO KNOW THE TRUTH, I LOVE THE 'NEW WOMAN' MUCH BETTER BY, AS I WAS A YOUNG MAN, I HATE WITH THE CALIBER OF TWO MEN THAT ARE COMING UP NOWADAYS.





NO OUTSIDE OF THAT WHAT ELSE DO I REMEMBER??

IT WAS SO LONG AGO AND I WAS SO STONED OUT...

YOU SAW THE BEHIND ABOUT THE CENTAURS

...BUT THAT DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE SIXTIES... LET'S STICK TO THE SUBJECT!

IT WAS JUST A THOUGHT

I WAS A 'SIXTIES KIND OF A GUY MYSELF... I SAID "GROOVY," I SAID "OH WOW," I WENT TO LOVE-INS AND ANTI-WAR DEMONSTRATIONS... I GOT STONED AT ROCK CONCERTS,

OH WOW?

THOSE ROCK CONCERTS WERE REALLY A "TRIP" THEY TRIED TO OVERWHELM YOUR SENSES. SOMETIMES YOU'D SEE A YOUNG GIRL WITH ING AROUND ON THE FLOOR, HER MIND TO TAKEN BLOWN.

WAS SHE DEAD?

NO, SHE WAS JUST ASLEEP

I ALWAYS GOT BORED AT ROCK CONCERTS. I'D LEAVE FEELING VAGUELY DILATED P.A.S.T. 11 P.M. WAS I COULD NEVER GET INTO PSYCHE DELIC ROCK MUSIC THAT MUCH, AND THE STROBE LIGHTS MADE ME NAUSEOUS.

WAS I ASLEEP?

NO, I WAS JUST BORED

I LIVED IN "THE HAIGHT" FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS. I SPENT THE SO-CALLED "SUMMER OF LOVE" SITTING ON HAIGHT STREET...

WAS I ASLEEP?

NO, I WAS JUST BORED

SOMETIMES I HUNG OUT WITH MY FRIENDS UPON "KIPPY HILL" BUT I COULDN'T COMPLETELY THROW MYSELF WHOLEHEARTEDLY INTO BEING A KIPPY. I KEELED BACK. I WAS INHIBITED. UP TIGHT.

DO YOU REMEMBER THE DO FOR A LIVING?

DOBBITY BOB DOBBITY BOB

DOBBITY BOB DOBBITY BOB

I WOULDN'T ACCEPT DRUGS FROM STRANGERS

DO YOU REMEMBER THE DO FOR A LIVING?

STILL, I WAS SWEEPED UP IN THE GENERAL IDEALISM OF THE TIME. I BELIEVED THAT WE WERE CREATING A NEW WORLD. PEOPLE WOULD LOVE ONE ANOTHER AND BE KIND AND WE'D ALL HAVE LOOSE SEX FOREVER...

YEAH, I WAS SELFISH, I WAS OUTA CONTROL, THERE WAS ALOT OF MALE SEXUAL AGGRESSION RUNNING RAMPANT. ALL "CHICKS" WERE UP FOR GRABS, WHO CAN BLAME THEM FOR TURNING TO "WOMEN'S LIB"??

MY, GLAD YOU MET ME WHEN

I ADMIT IT, I TOO WAS OBNOXIOUS... I TOO "CAME ON" TO THE GIRLS... I TOO HAD CONTEMPT... I TOO WAS BROUGHT BACK TO REALITY BY THE NEW FEMINIST LINE

DO YOU REMEMBER THE DO FOR A LIVING?

AND HOW 'BOUT THAT REVOLUTION WE WERE SO SURE WAS JUST AROUND THE CORNER?

DO YOU REMEMBER THE DO FOR A LIVING?

OFF THE PIG?

DO YOU REMEMBER THE DO FOR A LIVING?

Originally appeared in Mondo 44, Last Gang Eco-Funeral 1982

A black and white comic book illustration. In the foreground, a man with glasses and a mustache, wearing a patterned jacket over a collared shirt, looks towards the right with a wide-eyed expression. Behind him, a classic convertible car is parked. The background shows a city street scene with buildings and trees. Two speech bubbles are present: one at the top left says "I'm so glad to see you here," and another at the top right says "I'm so glad to see you here."

A black and white photograph showing a group of people, mostly men with beards, gathered outdoors. In the foreground, a sign reads "FARMER'S MARKET". The background shows a street scene with a car and buildings.

A black and white photograph of a man with a beard and mustache, wearing a suit and tie. He has his hands raised near his face in a gesture of surprise or emphasis. The photo is surrounded by several speech bubbles containing text.

- Top Left:** "I'm T... .."
- Top Right:** "GOD IS I... .."
- Middle Right:** "HEAVY ... .."
- Bottom:** "DON'T LET ANYONE TALK ABOUT THE ... .."

[illegible]



THAT I HAD A LOT OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCES OR ACID SEVERAL TIMES I SAW THE GREAT WHITE LIGHT AND HEARD CELESTIAL MUSIC... IT WAS QUITE IMPRESSIVE



BUT A SECOND LATER I'D BE LYING THERE WITH BGG ON MY FACE.



MY WORST ABSOLUTE BUM TRIP WAS THE ONE WHERE I DIED AND WENT STRAIGHT TO HELL... FOUND MYSELF SURROUNDED BY HUMANOID LIMB-BOODMENTS OF TOTAL SATANIC EVIL!



THAT WAS THE MOST PARANOID EVER WAS IN MY LIFE. I KEPT GETTING THIS FUNNY TINGLING SENSATION IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD AND KEPT WHIRLING AROUND TO LOOK BEHIND ME. I CONVINCED THAT SOMEONE WAS TRYING TO SNEAK UP AND CLOSER ME FROM BEHIND!



I GUESS MY BEST LSD TRIP WAS THE TIME I DIDN'T COME DOWN FOR THREE DAYS. I THOUGHT I WAS IN A STATE OF ECSTATIC GRACE. A GLOWING, BEAMING SAINT WHO COULD SEE ALL THE COSMIC TRUTHS.



MY 'THIRD EYE' WAS OPEN AND WHERE EVER I POINTED IT I HAD PERFECT TOTAL PERCEPTION (OF... PEOPLE) FOR THREE DAYS. I WENT AROUND TELLING PEOPLE ALL ABOUT THEIR GENETIC HISTORIES AND STUFF LIKE THAT... THEY ATE IT UP!



NATURALLY I WOKED UP ON THE FOURTH DAY OF THIS BIRD EXPERIENCE IN THE DEEPEST, DARKEST PIT OF DESPAIR AND EMPTINESS. WERE I'D KNOWN THEN WHAT I KNEW NOW ABOUT VITAMINS!!



AN ME - THERE WERE SOME CRAZY DAYS. WELL I COULD GO ON AND ON ABOUT THOSE BIRD TRIPS. BUT I - UN --



I HAD THIS DREAM THAT I SOMEHOW FOUND MYSELF IN A PLACE OF INTENSE NATURAL BEAUTY. A REGULAR GARDEN OF EDEN AND OFF IN THE DISTANCE I SAW A GROUP, A PACK, YOU MIGHT SAY, OF CENTAURS!



I APPROACHED THE CENTAURS THEY ALL HAD PERFECT YOUNG BEAUTIFUL FACES. SWEET AND JEROCOPY ETERNAL SEVENTEEN YEAR-OLDS



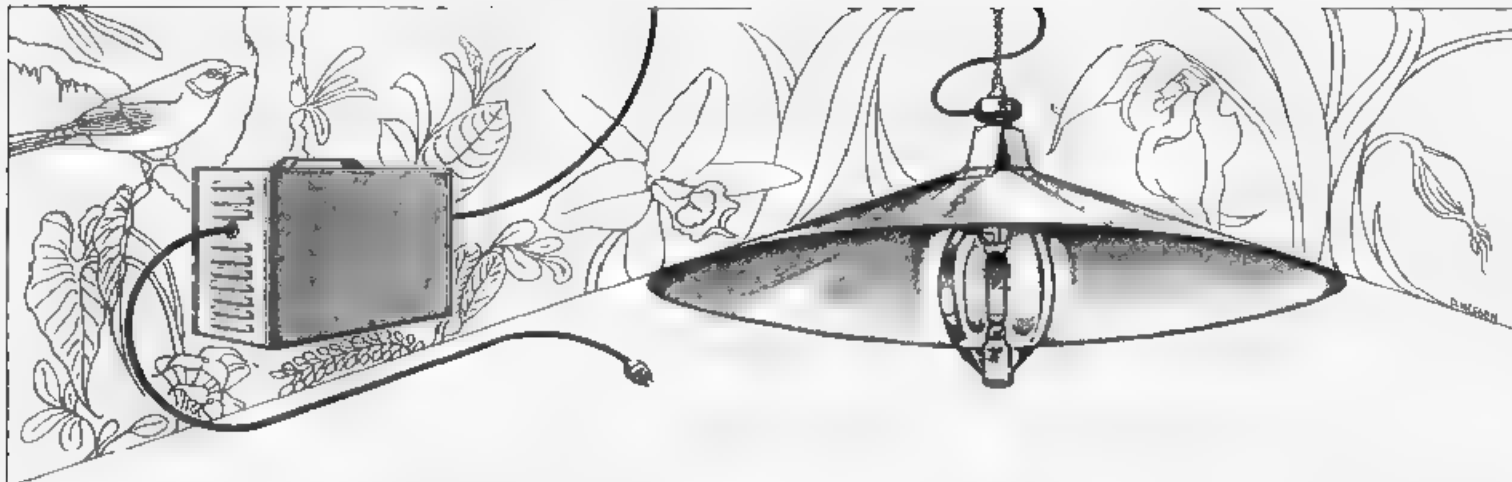
HA HA YOU ARE A WACKER. TO WHAT DOES THAT MAKE YOU? CHUCKLE



NO. IT'S HORRIBLE. WELL, NOT ENOUGH, BUT AN, FORGET IT!!



END



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# CINEMA IN THE '60S

High Times presents its cut-rate tour of the films of the decade. Starring James Bond, Lolita, Bonnie and Clyde, Rooster Cogburn, Pussy Galore, Mrs. Robinson, The Man with No Name, Hud, Harper, Cat Ballou and Drs. Zhivago, Strangelove and No.

**T**he '60s...

Battle lines were drawn in those days, passions quickened about everything. In movies, too... The ones you liked became part of your intimate identity, figures in a personal creed. Friendships sprouted or died solely on someone's feelings about Bonnie and Clyde or Blowup or 2001; on Godard or Bergman; on John Wayne or Julie Christie.

Like the decade they reflected, '60s movies were turbulent, unpredictable, idiosyncratic and frequently perverse. They bubbled over with all kinds of peculiar tensions and radical experimentation. It was a volatile period, and the movies reflected this—even the staidest and most reactionary. Gradually, one by one, all the old taboos and traditions and vertiges were breached, in sex, in violence, in politics.

At the beginning of the '60s, the Hollywood System (the remnants of the "Golden Years," from, roughly, 1924 to 1946) was still intact—or seemed to be. By 1969 (the year of the *Polymorphous Perverse*, the year of *Midnight Cowboy* and *Easy Rider*), it seemed to be in ruins. Barriers which had stood for decades were gone, so were many of the old stars, the old stories, the old directors. Very soon, nostalgia for the past would begin to set in... but, at the time, the movies, like the record industry, seemed to be in some vanguard of scorched-earth, exhilarating—and lucrative—revolution.

The '60s divide, in a way, into three distinct periods: one of Liberal Optimism and Innovation, Underpinned with Fear (1960–63); Pessimism, Confusion, Flirta-

tions with Anarchy (1965–67), the death of Old Era, Mysticism and Revolt (1968–69, and several years beyond). Here then is a cut-rate tour of the cinema of the '60s, what it was, what it seemed, what we learned from it—a space odyssey of strange loves, wild bunches, hustlers, graduates, blowups, the good, the bad and the ugly—and, every so often, a little splendor in the grass...

*Psycho* (1960; Alfred Hitchcock)—We begin, perhaps appropriately, with a scream in the night, a slash through a shower curtain, voyeurism, insanity and death that explodes out of nowhere. There was the Bates Motel, California-modern and slightly slapdash; and, beyond it, a Gothic old house, shadowy, looming with horrors; and that nice young man, Norman Bates, with his shy stutter, whose mother—what is the word?—"isn't quite herself tonight"... and Janet Leigh, unthinkably voluptuous in her bulging brassiere, inspiring those evil thoughts that lead to madness or death. *Psycho* was the great manipulator, Hitchcock's most unguarded movie. He shot it quickly and cheaply, with the same crew he used for his half-hour TV shows; perhaps he was surprised when it went on to become a world-wide blockbuster. *Psycho* taught us something important about the decade ahead: laughter in the face of terror, the scream of fear that becomes a chuckle.

*Splendor in the Grass* (1961; Elia Kazan)

—Small-town Kansas in the 1920s. Two love-crazed teenagers, whose skin turns to fire as they touch (they constantly hurl themselves beneath showers or waterfalls after parting), but are torn apart by "morality," time, social class, mental breakdown and the Great Crash itself. This was the decade's classic evocation of sexual repression. Who can forget that last meeting of the lovers: sad autumnal, among the crackling cornstalks, beneath a sky where all the fires seem banked, in the cruelest, brightest sunlight of all—perhaps the most poignant sequence ever directed by Elia Kazan. Indeed, the sexual license that followed 1961—in the movies and elsewhere—might almost have seemed society's penance for all its sins against Warren Beatty's "Bud" and Natalie Wood's "Deanie"—and the splendor they never knew.



'60s cinema at its bleakest.

*The Misfits* (1961, John Huston)—Arthur Miller intended this screenplay—a fable of sex, wild horses, alienation and



the preciousness of life—as a love-offering for his then-wife, Marilyn Monroe. Her role (a divorcee fallen among a band of Reno cowboys) was intended to incarnate the life force, beauty, Nature Herself. But, while the cameras rolled, Marilyn was killing herself with pills, Clark Gable was edging nearer his fatal heart attack and Monty Clift was preparing a last plunge down the cliffs of self-abuse. Today, *The Misfits* seems haunted with death, cursed with fatality—the '60s bitterest lesson.



*Libido, Italian style*

*8½* (1963, Federico Fellini)—This is the essence of Fellini: this extravagant, glamorous psychological phantasmagoria of dreams, fantasies, reveries and reminiscence—all counterpointed with the slightly mad "reality" of life in Rome and Cinecittà. Guido, the film's "hero"—decked out in a very familiar black cape and floppy hat—is a film director locked in a creative crisis, in the midst of a multi-million-dollar production. The producers fume; fevers spread in his brain. His identity? "I am Guido!" Fellini insists, and *8½* was obviously his testament. *Otto e Mezzo* taught us that egotism fully unleashed sometimes kisses the rump of grandeur; that your personal fantasies could dominate the entire world—that, sometimes, they were the entire world.



*The girls were hotter.*

*Sexy Ladies*—Brigitte Bardot, Julie Christie, Francoise Dorleac, Susannah

York, Jane Fonda—B.B., the "sex kitten" of the '50s, seemed riper, fleshier and a bit moodier in the '60s; she even appeared twice (once in the buff), for the buff's intellectual, Jean-Luc Godard. Julie Christie had a face that projected so much sexuality and longing and honest strength that audiences seemed stricken by her, in *Doctor Zhivago* and *Petulia*, she prompted mass surges of protectiveness and grief. Francoise was the elder sister of Catherine Deneuve, the "Garbo of the '60s"; unlike her sister, she had an impudent energy and a ravishingly sexy abandon (you see it best in *That Man from Rio* and *Cul-de-Sac*), but a car crash took her, before she could fully reveal it. Susannah York—classically, Britishly blond and bosomy—deserves a place in any erotic pantheon for the glassy-eyed docility with which she let Coral Browne nibble in *The Killing of Sister George*. And, of course, there's that old sexpot, Jane Fonda, who was known in the '60s—was it that long ago?—as "*La B.B. Americaine*"



*The guys were tougher*

*The Action Faction*—Paul Newman, Steve McQueen, Lee Marvin, Sidney Poitier, Robert Mitchum, Clint Eastwood. Paul Newman inherited a few of James Dean's roles when the Porsche crashed—and he was also often damned as a "Brando imitator"—but in the '60s he came into his own (with *The Hustler* and *Hud*), as the intellectual's stud, the blue-eyed loner. McQueen hit the top when he ran his chopper into the wire as "The Cooler Queen," Hilt, in *The Great Escape*; from then on he was the decade's cryptic adventurer—a man of instinct, living on nerves. Lee Marvin traveled a route Bogart had before him—from consummate villain (*Liberty Valance*), to nice outlaw (*Cat Ballou*), to sadistic hero (*Point Blank*, *The Dirty Dozen*); but then his skill in script selection—or perhaps his taste in women—

began to desert him. Sidney Poitier spent virtually the entire decade surrounded by white people (with the notable exception of his best film and performance, *A Raisin in the Sun*); but, after 1967, perhaps tired of busting all those blocks, he began moving into darker neighborhoods. Little old pot-smoker Mitch—whom Lord Buckley had dubbed "The King," and who has long been one of the movies' great underrated actors, went on being underrated in the '60s—though a few people noticed *The Sundowners*, *Cape Fear*, *El Dorado* and *Secret Ceremony*. Mean-



*Steve McQueen as the "Cooler Queen."*

while, Clint Eastwood—who had debuted in *Revenge of the Creature* and *Francis Joins the Navy*, and was known almost solely for TV's Rowdy Yates—defected to Italy and created one of the '60s classic action heroes. In the Sergio Leone Westerns (after Henry Fonda turned down the part), he played a nameless, cheroot-chewing bounty hunter in a battered hat and gaudy serape, who lives in a bottomly corrupt world, and deals death with the lazy nonchalance of a man swatting flies in the sun.

*Elizabeth Taylor & Richard Burton*—Rock and Doris may have reigned at the box office, but Liz and Dick ruled the scandal mags. They were America's favorite sinners: this lushly busted, violet-eyed beauty, and her smoky-voiced, pock-featured, Shakespearean paramour. For a while more tears were shed and teeth gnashed over their adulterous copulations than over the nascent war in Vietnam. Then, surprisingly, they used their new-found notoriety to finance a series of commendably literate, if overblown, novel and play adaptations and the public, frustrated, began peeking through different keyholes. Meanwhile, Liz ate and Dick drank; and, by the next decade, they were much changed from those swoony, opales-

cent days by the burning Nile.



*Trouble in the War Room.*

**Dr. Strangelove** (1964; Stanley Kubrick)—In four short years *Psycho*'s scheme of laughing at horror had reached the ultimate subject: the death of everybody, the nuclear apocalypse. Who can forget the deranged Gen. Jack D. Ripper, heroically protecting his "precious bodily fluids"; or Pres. Merkin Muffley telling the angry Soviet premier, "Can you imagine how I feel, Dimitri . . ."; or Col. Bat Guano, muttering: "Ya know what I think? I think you're some kind of deviated pervert . . .", or Slim Pickens, whooping and hollering and dropping down on the doomsday machine with an ICBM between his legs. Stanley Kubrick had begun with a *serious* novel of nuclear catastrophe; somewhere along the line it got bent out of shape. But History, no respecter of satire, had the last laugh. Within the next decade, the real-life model for Dr. Strangelove—a Teutonic academic named Henry Kissinger—had become Richard Nixon's secretary of state.

**Katharine Hepburn**—Kate Hepburn, with her silky Bryn Mawr accent, "horsey" cheekbones and cutting, lucent personality—had been the American cinema's best actress for three decades, before the death of her comrade Spencer Tracy in 1967 (after their last costarring vehicle, *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*) finally marked her a living legend. She went on to close the decade with two Best Lead Oscars in a row, the first to accomplish this feat since . . . hmmm . . . since Spencer Tracy. Perhaps she had always seemed too "upper class," too special and refined—but, interestingly, her greatest performance of the decade (and her career as well) came earlier, in 1962; it was her magnificent portrayal of dope-addicted Mary Tyrone in Sidney Lumet's film of O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey into Night*, where we saw her gently twist the sleeve of her tattered wedding gown, where we

heard her murmur softly, unforgettably, "Oh, yes. . . That was the summer I married James Tyrone. And was so happy—for a time."

**Rock Hudson & Doris Day**—From 1960 to 1965, Rock Hudson and Doris Day were the Quigley Poll box-office king and queen, easily the top romantic duo in movies. Now, they seem an odd couple: Hudson, a great, slow, amiable mass, and the bouncy, hyperactive Miss Day. At stake in their confrontations was Doris's virginity, which she zealously guarded. Great, slow, sleepy Rock would lurch toward her like a vaguely aroused kettle moraine; Day would squeal and retreat and utter chirps of outrage. Audiences, it seemed, could not get enough of this weird mating ritual. But, after 1965, their popularity faded. Rock later drifted amiably into television (surviving an outrageous rumor that he had wed Jim Nabors in a full-drag Malibu ceremony). Day had one last chance to resuscitate her career—she was Mike Nichols's first choice for "Mrs. Robinson" in *The Graduate*—but she demurred, and retired with her virginity still unpunctured.



*Defender of mom and apple pie.*

**John Wayne**—He was the Duke, the godfather of the West, America's numero uno paterfamilias. Demonstrably the most consistently popular of all American movie stars (he was never off the Quigley Top Ten for over a quarter of a century), he flouted the dislike of liberal intellectuals in 1968 by making the execrable *Green Berets*, a paean to the Vietnam War. Ultimately, though, his politics are irrelevant (as John Ford once remarked, "I love that goddamn Republican")—because Wayne literally came to incarnate the Western, something the Academy was recognizing with his 1969 Oscar for *True Grit*. His finest '60s performances—full of catlike swagger and rough geniality—were, unsurprisingly, for his old mentors Howard Hawks

(*Hatari!*, *El Dorado*) and John Ford (*Donovan's Reef*); and in Ford's classic *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*, he probably hits his mythic peak—as Tom Doniphon (a strange echo of *Red River*), unintimidatable, macho personified, grinning as he calls Jimmy Stewart "Pilgrim"; Doniphon, who helps turn the wilderness into a garden, and later lies, forgotten, in a pauper's coffin on which someone has mysteriously placed a cactus rose. The Duke taught us about tradition, the lies of history, the occasional gallantry of reaction. He also taught us to keep our eyes peeled whenever we pass a livery stable.

**A Hard Day's Night** (1964; Richard Lester)—Four young Liverpudlian rockers—John on rhythm, Paul on bass, George on lead and Ringo on drums—flee from their hysterical fans with the aid of Norm and Shake, travel with a "clean old man" (Paul's grandfather) on a train, battle hordes of bobbies and cavort backstage and onstage before 13-year-old girls who tear their hair, shriek and weep uncontrollably. *A Hard Day's Night* was whipped out to capitalize on what was thought a "transient fad"—director Dick Lester (a young Philadelphian) shot it like some mad mixture of slapstick, surrealism and documentary. As for the Beatles, they had become, in one stroke, a four-man pop rebellion of youth and the working class—whose weapons were wit and professionalism and camaraderie and love. Today, watching all this years-ago buoyance, irreverence, confidence and brio (John's cracks, Ringo's pouts, the concerts, the unforgettable romp in the field)—all this unity, can almost wound you. Perhaps, indeed, you can't buy love.



*Bond: Sticking it to the . . . Russians.*

**James Bond**—James Bond (Agent 007, with a License to Kill), was the brainchild of adventurer-bon vivant Ian Fleming, who imagined an urbane, murderous, unflappable spy—equally deadly with his pistol or his penis—and sent

him through a series of potboiling Signet paperbacks. They suddenly zoomed in popularity when they were revealed as President Kennedy's favorite thrillers; bought for the movies, they zoomed even higher. The film *Bond* (a wry, muscular Scot named Sean Connery, who eventually tired of the role) battled a menagerie of oddly named villains (Goldfinger, Blofeld, Oddjob), many of whom could be counted on to arch their eyebrows and murmur, "Ah, Mr Bond; you begin to tire me—" while fingering some laser gun or instrument of decapitation. Bond also had an endless supply of deadly gadgets; and he bedded a never-ending parade of sleek, veneral lovelies, one of whom was the ineffable Pussy Galore (in 1964, audiences shrieked at every mention of her name). Bond movies often resembled an average issue of *Playboy* magazine; and, though they remain popular to this day, they sometimes summon up dark, unpleasant whispers of amorality and casual viciousness in the Kennedy years. They taught us that professionalism and style and ruthlessness were the highest values.



*Reality collides with appearance*

*Blowup* (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni)—What is reality? What is illusion? *Blowup* ingeniously showed us an apparently amoral fashion photographer, who—after shooting what he thinks is a halcyon scene in a London park—magnifies the prints in his lab, until he finally believes he has reconstructed a murder. The film had a glassy texture, distanced, perfectly ordered—a little too perfect. (Antonioni, it was said afterward, painted the leaves on the trees.) When chaos and the dark began to open under the photographer's feet, you could suddenly feel, welling up, all the confusion and alienation that had been hidden under his life's bright surface. Michelangelo Antonioni, the writer-director, had an affinity for alienation; in his previous '60s films, *L'Avventura*, *La Notte*, *L'Eclisse* and *Red Desert*,

he had anatomized the modern ennui of the city with a poetic penetration and elegant despair few could touch. *Blowup* made him, briefly, an international cult hero (the Beatles wanted him for their next film after *Help!*), as much for its artistry and illusion-reality theme, as for its lacerating, but strangely decorative photo-essay of "Swinging London." (Pete Townshend later complained that Antonioni passed over his band for the Yardbirds in *Blowup*—because the Who was too "real" for him.)



*"Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio?"*

*The Graduate* (1967; Mike Nichols)—Benjamin Braddock, a recent college graduate and "a little worried about his future," is plunged suddenly into an adulterous affair with the pathological Mrs. Robinson; and then, as suddenly, out of it, after imprudently falling for Mrs. Robinson's daughter, Elaine. Benjamin's erotic predicaments, played to a Simon & Garfunkel score, delighted late '60s undergraduates as much as Rock and Doris had delighted their parents (another reason Day should have taken the role), it was perhaps the ideal "make out" movie for the whole last half of the decade. *The Graduate* was a touch more despairing than people thought at the time; but it taught us that there might be life beyond plastics.

*Belle de Jour* (1966, Luis Bunuel)—Luis Bunuel had, perhaps, the most peculiar career of any of the century's major filmmakers. There, at the age of 66, he won international renown and notoriety for *Belle de Jour*—a genuine masterpiece of eroticism, morbid psychology and surrealism. *Belle de Jour* takes place in the mind of a bored Parisian housewife, who becomes a prostitute on the side. The film had a lustrous, eerie surface, and Catherine Deneuve's opaque, blond expressionless beauty was withering; but its greatest power lay in the way it plummeted you—ironically, neatly—into the deep pathologies of the bourgeoisie conventional society and

religion: Bunuel's lifelong tormentors *Belle de Jour* taught us that old anarchists can be sexy.

*Ingmar Bergman*—He was the great, tortured Swede; the king of the art houses; Kierkegaard on the screen. He literally conquered the cinematic map in the '50s, winning awards and audiences everywhere. The '60s, however, were his decade. He began and ended it with two informal "trilogies"—thematic trilogies on the loss of faith and the death of love (and who but Bergman gets away with *that* in the movies?)—and, in between made a light-hearted sex comedy, and the shattered, multi-prismed masterpiece, *Persona*. Bergman seemed the kind of tormented, hyperpersonal artist who simply could not survive in films (and, in fact, *Persona* was inspired by his own nervous breakdown and illness), but somehow he managed (and manages still) to survive everyone. Perhaps what his detractors fail to recognize is that it may be less his "intellectual themes" that audiences love than his brilliant stock company, his flair for horror, his beautiful actresses (Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, et al.) and his unnerving genius at eroticism. One '60s scene, especially—Bibi Andersson's "shameful lust" as she describes a seaside orgy in *Persona*—was more arousing than all the *Deep Throats* of the next decade. Bergman taught us that angst lives; that suffering—and the faces of women—are beautiful.



*The calm before the bloodbath*

*Bonnie and Clyde* (1967, Arthur Penn)—Arthur Penn beautifully recreated the Depression-torn Midwest—sunbaked cornfields, lonely gas stations, Coca Cola posters peeling from the walls, rattletrap cars and homeless Okies with Walker Evans faces—and then blew it all to hell in an astonishing, poetically violent crescendo. His protagonists: a folksy, charming, sexy band of bank-

*/ continued on page 84*



# VISIONS OF '60s EXPERIENCE

by Allen Ginsberg  
Illuminated through the  
poet's words, major events of a  
decade reveal themselves.



Living at 1403 Gough Street, San Francisco, in commercial poet-artists' house, Neal Cassady running in and out from his job, conductor Southern Pacific Railroad, radio news President Jack Kennedy assassinated, the air turned raw over the planet, I wrote down gossip of the household city.

## Nov. 23, 1963: ALONE

Alone  
in that same self where I always was  
with Kennedy throat brain bloodied in Texas  
the television continuous blinking two radar days

with Charlie muttering in his underwear strewn  
bedroom  
with Neal running down the hall shouting about the race-  
track  
with Ann with her white boys ass silent under the Cupid  
thigh  
with Lucille talking to herself, feeding the pregnant cat  
Alice  
with Anne mourning her pockmarked womb & the hard  
muscled chest of her Lover  
with David's red wine fireplace casting shadows back to  
Duchess farmboy faggot of Wichita, on fire in main-  
street  
with Lance with his crummy painting & leopard blue  
breast seeking to buy a motorcycle to crosscountry  
smiling & wan  
with the manuscripts of neutritious Roselle the New York  
suicide on the round mahogany table near the kitchen  
with Leroi Jones' white-eyeballed war-cry unread,  
babbling in postmortem blue-sneer  
with myself confused shock-fingertip't on the rented  
typewriter  
with Alan with horses' teeth metafysiks demurely  
insisting he was intensely so over coffee  
with Glen o'the lisp & Justin the olding bluejacketed  
man-love off in autos to Mexico cactus hope  
with the fat lady with babe in the auto, feeding &  
grieving her adolescence's backseat  
with "Go to Hell" spoke on the streetcorner down hill in  
dark November night  
with Judy's blood in the furnace building up weeks  
before in campus-forest headlines, white-haired  
parents on Television  
with Christopher running around in raincoats talking fast  
about his eyesockets seeing true streets of '60's  
with Jaime phoning collect from New York insulting his  
lonesome Cunt  
with Nemmie insisting she was drunk & insulting on the  
couch & Marko with a bandaged tendon hanging in  
front of his gaptooth  
with Hubert in beret & tweed beard absolutely sober on  
Meth-freak newspaper splatter roschak universe,  
drinking milk.  
with Jordan on the phone suave & retired jobbing  
invisible mandalas upstairs from the technicolor gutter  
with Larry whitehaired chewing his teeth nodding in  
chairs weak & amiable lost the pointlessness  
with the cat curled in white fur in the kitchen chair,  
with the transistor radio silent weeks on the typewriter  
desk  
with the novels *Happiness Bastard Sheep* from Tangier  
Wichita *Mad Cub Yesterday Today & Tomorrow*  
with *Now*, with *Fuck You*, with *Wild Dog Burning Bush*  
*Poetry Evergreen C Thieves Journal Soft Machine*  
*Genesis Renaissance Contact Kill Roy Etc*,  
with spaniards appearing at the doors to know what's  
happening you wanna score or am I the sacred fear the  
methhead fuzz the insect trust or delicious José  
with Robert in his black jacket & tie deciding to make a  
point of his courtesy over the kitchen linoleum  
with the Ghosts of Natalie & Peter & Krishna & Ram in-  
toned on the shag rugs in the darkness of abandoned  
rooms  
with *Blue Grace* in typescript stepping out of the taxi on  
the wall, and letters arriving from Malaga & Chicago

with me breaking off to rush in to the other room where  
Adam & Eve lay to get my hair spermy

*Driving mid-America Lincoln, Nebraska, to Wichita  
back of a Volkswagen camper with tape machine,  
I connected radio war-news headlines, brain thoughts, inner  
and outer space messages in one poetry time capsule,  
assembling a collage of U.S. war consciousness for  
readers decades thereafter.*

## from WICHITA VORTEX SUTRA I

On to Wichita to prophesy! O frightful Bard!  
into the heart of the Vortex  
where anxiety rings  
the University with millionaire pressure,  
lonely crank telephone voices sighing in dread,  
and students waken trembling in their beds  
with dreams of a new truth warm as meat,  
little girls suspecting their elders of murder  
committed by remote control machinery,  
boys with sexual bellies aroused  
chilled in the heart by the mailman  
with a letter from an aging white haired General  
Director of selection for service in  
Deathwar  
all this black language  
writ by machine!  
O hopeless Fathers and Teachers  
in Hué do you know  
the same woe too?

I'm an old man now, and a lonesome man in Kansas  
but not afraid  
to speak my lonesomeness in a car,  
because not only my lonesomeness  
it's Ours, all over America,  
O tender fellows—  
& spoken lonesomeness is Prophecy  
in the moon 100 years ago or in  
the middle of Kansas now.

It's not the vast plains mute our mouths  
that fill at midnite with ecstatic language  
when our trembling bodies hold each other  
breast to breast on a mattress—  
Not the empty sky that hides  
the feeling from our faces  
nor our skirts and trousers that conceal  
the bodylove emanating in a glow of beloved skin,  
white smooth abdomen down to the hair  
between our legs,  
It's not a God that bore us that forbid  
our Being, like a sunny rose  
all red with naked joy  
between our eyes & bellies, yes  
All we do is for this frightened thing  
we call Love, want and lack—  
fear that we aren't the one whose body could be  
beloved of all the brides of Kansas City,  
kissed all over by every boy of Wichita—  
O but how many in their solitude weep aloud like me—  
On the bridge over Republican River  
almost in tears to know  
how to speak the right language—

on the frosty broad road  
uphill between highway embankments  
I search for the language  
that is also yours—  
almost all our language has been taxed by war.  
Radio antennae high tension  
wires ranging from Junction City across the plains—  
highway cloverleaf sunk in a vast meadow  
lanes curving past Abilene  
to Denver filled with old  
heroes of love—  
to Wichita where McClure's mind  
burst into animal beauty  
drunk, getting laid in a car  
in a neon misted street  
15 years ago—  
to Independence where the old man's still alive  
who loosed the bomb that's slaved all human  
consciousness  
and made the body universe a place of fear -  
Now, speeding along the empty plain,  
no giant demon machine  
visible on the horizon  
but tiny human trees and wooden houses at the sky's  
edge  
I claim my birthright!  
reborn forever as long as Man  
in Kansas or other universe—Joy  
reborn after the vast sadness of War Gods  
A lone man talking to myself, no house in the brown  
vastness to hear,  
imagining the throng of Selves  
that make this nation one body of Prophecy  
language by Declaration as  
Happiness!  
I call all Powers of imagination  
to my side in this auto to make Prophecy,  
all Lords  
of human kingdoms to come  
Shambu Bharti Baba naked covered with ash  
Khaki Baba fat-bellied mad with the dogs  
Dehorahava Baba who moans Oh how wounded, How  
wounded  
Citaram Onkar Das Thakur who commands  
give up your desire  
Satyananda who raises two thumbs in tranquillity  
Kali Pada Guha Roy whose yoga drops before the void  
Shivananda who touches the breast and says OM  
Srimata Krishnaji of Brindaban who says take for your  
guru  
William Blake the invisible father of English visions  
Sri Ramakrishna master of ecstasy eyes  
half closed who only cries for his mother  
Chaitanya arms upraised singing & dancing his own  
praise  
merciful Chango judging our bodies  
Durga-Ma covered with blood  
destroyer of battlefield illusions  
million-faced Tathagata gone past suffering  
Preserver Harekrishna returning in the age of pain  
Sacred Heart my Christ acceptable  
Allah the Compassionate One  
Jaweh Righteous One  
ali Knowledge-Princes of Earth-man, all  
ancient Seraphim of heavenly Desire, Devas, yogis

& holymen I chant to—  
 Come to my lone presence  
 into this Vortex named Kansas,  
 I lift my voice aloud,  
 make Mantra of American language now,  
 I here declare the end of the War!  
 Ancient days' Illusion!—  
 and pronounce words beginning my own  
 millennum  
 Let the States tremble,  
 let the Nation weep,  
 let Congress legislate its own delight  
 let the President execute his own desire—  
 this Act done by my own voice,  
 nameless Mystery—  
 published to my own senses,  
 blissfully received by my own form  
 approved with pleasure by my sensations  
 manifestation of my very thought  
 accomplished in my own imagination  
 all realms within my consciousness fulfilled  
 60 miles from Wichita  
 near El Dorado,  
 The Golden One,  
 in chill earthly mist  
 houseless brown farmland plains rolling heavenward  
 in every direction  
 one midwinter afternoon Sunday called the day of the  
 Lord—

Lights rising in the suburbs  
 Supermarket Texaco brilliance starred  
 over streetlamp vertebrae on Kellogg,  
 green jewelled traffic lights  
 confronting the windshield,  
 Centertown ganglion entered!  
 Crowds of autos moving with their lightshine,  
 signbulbs winking in the driver's eyeball —  
 The human nest collected, neon lit,  
 and sunburst signed  
 for business as usual, except on the Lord's Day—  
 Redeemer Lutheran's three crosses lit on the lawn  
 reminder of our sins  
 and Titsworth offers insurance on Hydraulic  
 by De Voors Guard's Mortuary for outmoded bodies  
 of the human vehicle  
 which no Titsworth of insurance will customise  
 for resale  
 So home, traveller, past the newspaper language factory  
 under Union Station railroad bridge on Douglas  
 to the center of the Vortex, calmly returned  
 to Hotel Eaton—  
 Carry Nation began the war on Vietnam here  
 with an angry smashing axe  
 attacking Wine—  
 Here fifty years ago, by her violence  
 began a vortex of hatred that defoliated the Mekong  
 Delta —  
 Proud Wichita! vain Wichita  
 cast the first stone!—  
 That murdered my mother  
 who died of the communist anticommunist psychosis  
 in the madhouse one decade long ago  
 complaining about wires of masscommunication in her  
 head

and phantom political voices in the air  
 besmurching her girlish character.  
 Many another has suffered death and madness  
 in the Vortex from Hydraulic  
 to the end of 17th—enough!  
 The war is over now—  
 Except for the souls  
 held prisoner in Niggertown  
 still pining for love of your tender white bodies O children of  
 Wichita!  
 January—February 1966

*May Day 1965, Prague. The old May King/Queen fertility celebration was reinstituted after decades of Hitler/Stalin lapse. By chance visiting Prague I was nominated May King by Polytechnic Institute and elected by surprise crowd of 100,000 citizens unexpectedly gathered in Park of Culture and Rest. Bureaucracy ministers panicked, had me arrested and deported the next week. Poem was written on airplane out to London where next day I stood in front of Bob Dylan's cameras, Don't Look Back.*

## KRAL MAJALES

And the Communists have nothing to offer but fat cheeks  
 and eyeglasses and lying policemen  
 and the Capitalists proffer Napalm and money in green  
 suitcases to the Naked  
 and the Communists create heavy industry but the heart  
 is also heavy  
 and the beautiful engineers are all dead, the secret  
 technicians conspire for their own glamor  
 in the Future, in the Future, but now drink vodka and  
 lament the Security Forces,  
 and the Capitalists drink gin and whiskey on airplanes  
 but let Indian brown millions starve  
 and when Communist and Capitalist assholes tangle the  
 Just man is arrested or robbed or had his head cut off,  
 but not like Kabir, and the cigarette cough of the Just  
 man above the clouds  
 in the bright sunshine is a salute to the health of the blue  
 sky.  
 For I was arrested thrice in Prague, once for singing  
 drunk on Narodni street,  
 once knocked down on the midnight pavement by a  
 mustached agent who screamed out BOUZERANT,  
 once for losing my notebooks of unusual sex politics  
 dream opinions,  
 and I was sent from Havana by plane by detectives in  
 green uniform,  
 and I was sent from Prague by plane by detectives in  
 Czechoslovakian business suits,  
 Cardplayers out of Cezanne, the two strange dolls that  
 entered Joseph K's room at morn  
 also entered mine, and ate at my table, and examined my  
 scribbles,  
 and followed me night and morn from the houses of  
 lovers to the cafes of Centrum—  
 And I am the King of May, which is the power of sexual  
 youth,  
 and I am the King of May, which is industry in eloquence  
 and action in amour,  
 and I am the King of May, which is long hair of Adam  
 and the Beard of my own body



and I am the King of May, which is Kral Majales in the Czechoslovakian tongue,  
 and I am the King of May, which is old Human poesy,  
 and 100,000 people chose my name,  
 and I am the King of May, and in a few minutes I will land at London Airport,  
 and I am the King of May, naturally, for I am of Slavic parentage and a Buddhist Jew  
 who worships the Sacred Heart of Christ the blue body of Krishna the straight back of Ram  
 the beads of Chango the Nigerian singing Shiva Shiva in a manner which I have invented,  
 and the King of May is a muddleuropean honor, mine in the XX century  
 despite space ships and the Time Machine, because I heard the voice of Blake in a vision,  
 and repeat that voice, And I am King of May that sleeps with teenagers laughing  
 And I am the King of May, that I may be expelled from my Kingdom with Honor, as of old,  
 To shew the difference between Caesar's Kingdom and the Kingdom of the May of Man—  
 and I am the King of May, tho paranoid, for the Kingdom of May is too beautiful to last for more than a month—  
 and I am the King of May because I touched my finger to my forehead saluting  
 a luminous heavy girl trembling hands who said "one moment Mr Ginsberg"  
 before a fat young Plainclothesman stepped between our bodies—I was going to England—  
 and I am the King of May, returning to see Bunhill Fields and walk on Hampstead Heath,  
 and I am the King of May, in a giant jetplane touching Albion's airfield trembling in fear  
 as the plane roars to a landing on the grey concrete, shakes & expels air,  
 and rolls slowly to a stop under the clouds with part of blue heaven still visible  
 And tho I am the King of May, the Marxists have beat me upon the street, kept me up all night in Police Station, followed me thru Springtime Prague, detained me in secret and deported me from our kingdom by airplane.  
 Thus I have written this poem on a jet seat in mid Heaven

May 7, 1965

*Written in Italy where I stayed visiting Ezra Pound, greatest 20th-century living poet, instead of coming back to join Ed Sanders's Fugs and 100,000 others in ceremony of levitating the black-magic-making Pentagon Washington, D.C. (which worked—nobody believed the Pentagon anymore, and some kid stuck a flower in their gun barrel), the whole exorcism illumination originally conceived by Zen poet Gary Snyder. I stayed by Pound's side and sent this poem in my place. In those days Washington didn't recognize Peking, the Sanskrit mantra is used to purify a site for exorcism ceremony.*

### PENTAGON EXORCISM

"No taxation without representation"

*Who represents my body in Pentagon? Who spends my spirit's billions for war manufacture? Who levies the majority to exult unwilling in Bomb*

*Roar? Brainwash! Mind-fear! Governor's language! Military-Industrial Complex! President's language! Corporate voices jabber on electric networks building body-pain, chemical ataxia, physical slavery to diaphanoid Chinese Cosmic-eye Military Tyranny movie hysteria—Pay my taxes? No Westmoreland wants to be Devil, others die for his General Power sustaining hurt millions in house security tuning to images on TV's separate universe where peasant manhoods burn in black & white forest villages—represented less than myself by Magic Intelligence influence matter-scientists' Rockefeller bank telephone war investment Usury Agency executives jetting from McDonnell Douglas to General Dynamics  
 over smog-shrouded metal-noised treeless cities patrolled by radio fear with tear gas, businessman! Go spend your bright billions for this suffering! Pentagon wake from planet-sleep! Apokatastasis! Spirit Spirit Dance Dance Spirit Spirit Dance! Transform Pentagon skeleton to maiden-temple O Phantom Guevara! Om Raksa Raksa Hum Hum Hum Phat Svaha! Anger Control your Self feared Chaos, suffocation body-death in Capitols caved with stone radar sentinels! Back! Back! Back! Central Mind-machine Pentagon reverse consciousness! Hallucination manifest! A million Americas gaze out of man-spirit's naked Pentacle! Magnanimous reaction to signal Peking, isolate Space-beings!*

Milan 9/29/67

*Written returning on Bay Shore Highway bus from visit Los Gatos to Carolyn Cassady and opening a silken bag of his ashes returned from Mexico in a wooden urn. Resting in her sun room, the old house he bought early '50s with money reward for breaking ankle preventing train wreck on the Southern Pacific Railroad.*

### ON NEAL'S ASHES

*Delicate eyes that blinked blue Rockies all ash nipples, Ribs I touched w/ my thumb are ash mouth my tongue touched once or twice all ash bony cheeks soft on my belly are cinder, ash earlobes & eyelids, youthful cock tip, curly pubis breast warmth, man palm, high school thigh, baseball bicept arm, asshole anneal'd to silken skin all ashes, all ashes again.*

August 1968

### City Lights books by Allen Ginsberg

<i>Howland Other Poems</i>	1956
<i>Kaddish and Other Poems</i>	1961
<i>Reality Sandwiches</i>	1963
<i>Planet News</i>	1968
<i>Fall of America, Poem of These States</i>	1973
<i>Iron Horse</i>	1973
<i>Mind Breaths Poems of 1971-1976</i>	
<i>Plutonium Ode</i>	1977-1980

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no one in there at all but the guy whose movie it was, and us. He comes up to us and we're sitting there in this absolute comatose state—I think one of the members of the band had actually OD'd, he was like blue, and the guy comes up to us and he goes, "You know, the movie's over"

I go, "Yes, it was a really out-of-sight movie, it was really fabulous, I mean, and all these special effects. . . and you know, the funny thing is, we took a lot of acid before we came to the movie because we knew it was a movie about acid and we wanted to get into the experience of seeing this movie high on acid because it was an acid movie." And we're sitting there and we're unconscious, and everyone's gone and they're turning the theater lights off, and he goes, "Geez, you guys trip different than anyone I've ever seen trip before"

"Yes," I say, "well, this is what you call Chicago tripping—this is how we trip in Chicago. We sit there with our eyes closed, and our mouths open, and we sit there until the trip is over and I hope you let us sit here in this theater for about another four or five hours until our trip is good and over." And he believed it. Maybe he didn't, but he acted like he did, and he let us sit there for five hours

**T**here was a piano player that played with Muddy Waters. He was said to have been his half brother. He's passed on, so I can mention his name, Otis Spann—he was a real real good friend of mine. On occasion he would be known to deal pot, and Otis always dealt nigger nickels—tiny little bits of amorphous vegetable matter, wrapped up in many pounds of tinfoil. You didn't know what the hell it was—he didn't know, I didn't know, no one would know. Otis would say, in his gravelly voice, "Mike, dis some good shit." I wouldn't know what it was. It was shit, I'll tell you it was shit.

Copping would be a big spy trip with Otis. You'd go to like nine different places, and they'd be peeping out the window and looking at you and wondering who it was and what was going on. . . it was like looking for the Kohinoor diamond. He'd finally come out, and he had this huge ball of tinfoil and inside would be, as I said, this amorphous vegetable matter which I think was parsley.

So, one day he's burned both me and

Paul Butterfield, and we're sitting in this nightclub called Peppers Lounge. Now, one of the things Spann would do—as an act of courtly gesture to show you that he was a real good friend of yours—he would ask you to go in the bathroom and have a slug of gin with him. And every time you'd drink gin you would notice there'd be this long line of spittle that would go from the gin bottle to Spann's mouth, and to show that you were really into it, what you would do is you would take the bottle right from Spann and you would first suck down Spann's spittle and then you would drink the gin. Sometimes it would be peppermint schnapps which is even worse than gin. So I go in the

I tend to stay  
slightly  
fucked-up all  
the time. So  
that car horns  
and Puerto  
Ricans with  
loud radios  
don't drive  
me crazy.

toilet and I drink whatever vileness that he's drinking and then I go sit back down in my seat and I see. . . he's calling Paul into the toilet and I sit back in the seat and meanwhile, I'm opening up this tinfoil and I'm seeing what's in there and it's this complete burnaroo—it's stone garbage. When Otis comes back I say, "Spann, what is this? This isn't anything that you can get high on. What possible use is this to me?" And he puts his arm around me and he goes, "Ah, Mike, I'm in your corner, I always stays in your corner, don't you understand, I'm in your corner"

And I see him two minutes later, he's standing over with Butterfield, he's got his arm around him. . . his face right up in Butterfield's face, breathing that liquor-breath right in his nose and he goes, "Paul, see Bloomfield over there, I burned that fool, but you—I'm in your corner. . ."

**I**'m in Boston, I'm playing with a seven-piece band. The organ player and I are trying to cop. We're on this street called Tremont Street. It's a schvartze street in Boston, one of the worst schvartze streets I've ever been on in my life, just a stone slum. And, we're hitting on everybody that's black on the street, can they sell us some heroin. And half the people that we talk to don't want to know from us. The other half say, "Oh, yes, sure," and they take our money. Meanwhile, we've gone through about 400 dollars in about three hours to various schvartzes, and all the wambizis, they disappear, they don't come back at all.

Finally, one of these guys comes back, and he's got the stuff, it's in a balloon, and the balloon weighs like about half a pound. It's a little balloon that weighs half a pound. I'm thinking, "Well, very good, I copped cement. I got a nigger that's finally sold me cement, very good, I'm going to get high on concrete." So I take the balloon and we go back to the skungy hotel we're staying in, the Schvartze Arms, that is just about one level above the street that we have spent the entire day in the freezing cold in with withdrawal symptoms. We're snorting on each other, copping out. We get back to the Wambizi Hilton, we open up the balloon and we cook the stuff up. We put it in the spoon, we see what it is. . . it's foot powder. I'm positive.

So we cook up foot powder, and we inject ourselves with foot powder. And get nothing from it at all except an abscess in our arms. For weeks and weeks, my arm had a bicep on top of my bicep from copping from the schvartzes on Tremont Street that sell you foot powder, at 400 dollars a pop.

**I**'m staying at my girlfriend's house in New York City, and the one thing she hates most of all is that I'm a drunk. She can't stand that. So it's like five in the morning, and I finally figure out she's sound asleep, so what I have to do is, I have to prop open the window and I crawl out the window so she doesn't hear the door close, then I go downstairs, and I prop open the front door, which is always being closed by the Italian kids that live down there, and I take a cab to Smuler's over on Sixth Avenue and Sheridan Square, and I get a six-pack of beer, then I rush back with the cab, and I get home—the door, thank God, it's still propped open. I get in, I climb in through the window, I sit in the bathroom and I down the six-

pack of beer

I come to bed with my girlfriend. She looks at me and she says, "You're not drunk, are you?" I go, "Uh, oh, no, sweetheart, I'm sorry, I'm not drunk at all," and then I pee in the bed. So—she has an idea that I'm a little drunk

**A** friend of mine, he's dead now, so I guess I can mention his name, his name is Roy Ruby, he was my absolutely best friend

He was living at a rehabilitation center for ex-cons. One thing leads to another and he finds out there's this black ex-con there who knows where he can get some real good pot. So I got this friend of mine, Brian. He's a fantastic piano player, but he's a real crazy guy. He could drink a thousand drinks and it would have no effect on him at all. Just one hit of grass and it would be like he was on STP and Angel Dust. He would be in the ozone. Just gone. Lost. So Brian and I go to cop and Brian's got this little old red VW and nothing in it works but the motor. The heat don't work. The radiator don't work. The thing runs and that's its only function. The windshield wipers don't work. And it's winter in Chicago. And the windshield just froze over. It's completely opaque. You can't see nothing, and Brian is just smearing it with his hand, over and over. He's got about a one-inch hole that he can see through. And this is how he's driving. So we get to the place and we pick up this black guy and for some reason the black guy going to sell us the pot thinks it will be impressive after we get the pot to take us to a neighborhood bar and show off that he has white friends.

So we cop, it's great, and it's his pleasure now to take us to a black club to show off his white friends. Meanwhile, the guy Brian, for who one hit of pot is like 100 acid trips, is completely gone. He's in dementia praecox. He is Catatonia City. And he's driving this red VW and he's got this mitten. And he's rubbing this tiny little viewing hole that he can see through. He's going through the icy Chicago streets, he's going up on sidewalks, just sliding and slithering all around and the black guy is getting really upset. He's saying, "Say, can your friend drive?" I say, "He's a driving wheel. Brian is one of the best drivers in the world." And Brian is just going, "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha." So he's driving around and finally we get the guy to the bar where the guy wants to take us in to show us off. We get in the bar and everybody in the bar starts giving us

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## MIND SPRAY

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had given Michael a gift of their shorn hair and signed a petition to help save him. "My view of Michael," said Dick Gregory, "will always be that of a fellow traveler in a common struggle, and I so much hope that he is one fellow traveler whose life will not be snatched away." All to no avail. Michael was hung by the neck until dead at Port of Spain Gaol, in May 1975

**A**s soon as I try to focus on this time, my mind starts spinning with memorable anecdotes; yet I don't dare to try to tell them logically or chronologically. Under the influence of McLuhan's *Understanding Media*, Hesse's *Journey to the East*, *The Tibetan Book of the Dead* and others, our thinking processes had become nonlinear.

It all started with a toothache. I had put a notice in *IT* asking for a "truth dentist." A dental surgeon phoned, offered his services, but said he wanted to see me about another matter. The so-called Six Day War had just broken out in the Middle East. When he arrived the dentist claimed to be an Israeli secret agent. He asked: "Would you help out? The Israelis are very concerned the Egyptians will put LSD in the Tel Aviv water supply. Can you find out if this is possible?" We had a number of meetings, one in his Harley Street office where he showed me a short-wave radio used to receive and transmit messages. I remember thinking I was being set up for something else, but couldn't figure out what. I agreed to do some research for him and went to Colindale, the British Museum periodicals building in North London. There I requested and received—much to my surprise—the journal of Porton, Britain's chemical warfare division. In it I discovered that in the early '60s the British armed services had experimented with LSD as a potential chemical weapon, but found the results unreliable. I told the dentist this, and never heard from him again.

**I** never spoke with Paul McCartney, but I saw him twice, extraordinarily close to; he seemed rather sad. The first time was at a private party at Indica Gallery on Duke Street, St. James's. He was showing his homemade 8mm films to an audience of about 15. Joints were being passed. Everyone, including myself, was trying to pretend he was just another bloke. The films were of flotsam and jetsam on a deserted

beach, waves lapping against it until it disappeared out to sea. Ten minutes of this. "Nice film, Paul!" a few people said. More joints. A couple of years later I walked into a deli on a Hampstead side street to buy a bit of cheese. I heard a shrill American woman's voice say, "That piece of ham has too much fat. Can you cut it from the other side?" I looked up and saw a very embarrassed Paul McCartney standing next to his wife.

**I**n London there was a doctor who would prescribe cannabis tincture. This was hashish dissolved in alcohol; and for some reason it wasn't prohibited, not under the English Dangerous Drug Act or the International Drug Convention. I had such a prescription, and got it for free from a chemist on Shaftesbury Avenue—all medical prescriptions were free under the National Health Act. In October of 1967, I published a facsimile of this prescription under the headline: EDITOR HAS LEGAL TURN ON. Saying also: "The above prescription for four ounces of cannabis tincture contains about 1,700 drops, or roughly 40 highs."

Not long after this, I received a letter from the Home Office asking if I would help with their inquiries. The Parliamentary Committee on Drug Abuse had a Hallucinogenic subcommittee chaired by Baroness Wootton of Abinger. I was asked to come and testify and was promised "amnesty" from persecution. Immediately I picked up the phone and called Richard Neville, editor of *Oz* magazine. I asked him to come along with me, so we could present a united underground front. He was craven, said, "Actually, I'm not much of a hash smoker, myself. But why don't you ask Martin?" Martin Sharp was the first designer of *Oz*, a painter and designer of psychedelic posters; he also made the cover of the first Cream album. Martin agreed immediately.

On the day of the hearing, I met him in his Kings Road flat, which he shared with Eric Clapton. We looked like a strange alliance of Roundhead and Cavalier: me with a gray flannel suit and tie left over from when I taught at a college in the States; and Martin in an electric blue on blue silk suit decorated with gold stars, a pink ruffled shirt and shoulder-length hair immaculately coiffured. Indeed, when I think back, it was as if Charles I and Oliver Cromwell were going out to tea together.

The Hallucinogenic subcommittee came from legal, medical and sociological backgrounds, and ranged from a

# Emmett Grogan delivered a speech. After everyone cheered, he told them it was one of Adolf Hitler's he'd memorized.

doctor who headed the London University Student Health Service, to a superintendent of police and a judge. At one point Baroness Wootton—a not very nice old biddy—tried to get us to agree that even if cannabis were legal, there should be prohibitions against its use while driving an automobile. Martin objected. He spoke at length, and poetically, about how he felt at one with his car, after he smoked. They asked us more questions, we answered. Finally Baroness Wootton exclaimed, "You sound like religious men, without a dogma!" The *Sunday Times* of August 18, 1968, reported "There was a bizarre moment at the conclusion of evidence from Bill Levy, editor of *International Times*. As he left, Mr. Levy stopped in front of Mr. Barraclough and pinned a badge of the 'IT Girl' . . . on his lapel." Heading back to Chelsea on the tube, I said to Martin, "Every time I visit you I see Eric sitting alone in his room with the door open, but he never comes out." Martin smiled and replied, "He is afraid of you—he thinks you're an intellectual."

**M**y secretary came running into the office saying: "There's this straight-looking older man asking for you. I think it might be the police." Just as she said this, William Burroughs turned the corner. Living in London, he was a regular contributor to *IT*. One evening at my house for dinner, he told me, "Everyone knows how to make newspapers that sell—sex, violence, drugs [long pause] and disease." Visiting his flat, around the corner from Fortnum and Masons, one had to skirt the large Reichian Orgone Accumulator in the hallway. "Hello, Bill," he said. "Hello, Bill," I replied. "What brings you here?"

He croaked, "I'm looking for someone to Clear" Burroughs was into Scientology then. He was carrying a black case containing his E-Meter. He was following his own apothegm: "Anything that can be done with chemicals, can be done by other means."

**T**he *Sergeant Pepper Summer/Summer of Love*—a summer packed with high points. There was the Dialectics of Liberation—at the Roundhouse, Chalk Farm—organized by Ronny Laing and his antipsychiatry group—it featured Gregory Bateson, Paul Goodman, Julian Beck and a monster cast. Digger Emmett Grogan delivered a speech. After everyone cheered he told them it was verbatim one of Adolf Hitler's he had memorized for the occasion. At the request of Michael X, I attended a Sunday-morning session where he and Stokely Carmichael were going to speak. Another sincere, yet gullible audience listened to Stokely tell them "If you want to do anything for me, don't listen to me, go home and kill your fathers." More cheers. Then there was the Hyde Park Pot Rally where Allen Ginsberg gave a bobby a flower.

**D**ick Gregory was running as an anti-Vietnam candidate for president of the United States in 1968. I went to interview him and was somewhat confused when this unqualified radical asked me to come see him at the Playboy Club. He was staying in their penthouse as the personal guest of Hugh Hefner. After we finished the interview, he invited me to go downstairs into the club itself. We were sitting in a dark, smoky, noisy room at a small table. All the Bunnies came up, saying, "Hello, Dick," then rubbed their tits in his face and wiggled their cottontails at us as they left.

**I** remember one of the greatest moments in the history of the theater. It was at the Stones' free concert in Hyde Park. Brian Jones had died the week before. Jagger read a poem by Shelley: "Peace, peace, he is not dead, he does not sleep: he has awakened from the dreams of life. . . ."—then released thousands of butterflies. I remember UFO, a club founded by *IT* so that readers would have a chance to meet each other. On Tottenham Court Road, the house bands were Pink Floyd and Soft Machine.

**I** saw the end was not far off and took a flying visit to the Continent. When I came back I found another installed in

my editorial chair—a sweet socialist Yorkshireman had been nominated editor by the editorial board. I had "made my effort," as racing people say, during the last year. Okay, I thought, let them have it. A week later I got on the bus of Jack Moore's Human Family—a nomadic theater troupe—and toured with them, playing in Turin, Nice, Avignon, Amsterdam and Spoleto.

**S**winging London ended for me with a bang, not a whimper.

It was in the summer of 1969 that playwright Heathcote Williams fucked fashion model Jean Shrimpton in the mahogany Kensington offices of *Transatlantic Review*; while in the other room Jim Haynes, Germaine Greer and myself decided to create a revolutionary sex publication called *Suck*. When the people from *Transatlantic Review* heard the meeting was about sex, they threw us out, after a screaming argument between them and Heathcote—nude under a long leather coat, cock still wet and dripping.

The first issue was a sensation. Scotland Yard immediately closed down the English postbox address and raided the Arts Lab, tapping walls looking for secret printing presses. Of course, they didn't find the one and only copy of *Suck* in the building, appropriately enough stashed under Jim's pillow. Then the police flew to Amsterdam, where I removed (just an hour before their arrival) some 9,000 copies stored at the printer. While Scotland Yard was having tea and cakes at our designer's studio, I arranged for a thousand *Sucks* to be smuggled into England and given out free at a Living Theatre benefit in the Roundhouse.

In November, returning to England after having presented *Suck* at the Copenhagen Sex Fair, I got stopped. I was held in detention while my house in London was raided. Michael Foot, now leader of the Labour party, asked questions in Parliament about my case and its implications for freedom of the press. My (not false) diary was seized, xeroxed and considered to be a confession. *Suck* was the last straw. After five days in jail, I was given a choice between Pentonville Prison and Holland. I decided for Holland, where I have been, more or less, ever since.

**I** am still expecting the external manifestation of spectres which would testify to what had happened internally. Mystical Redemption with visible Historical Change; not one, nor the other, but both! □

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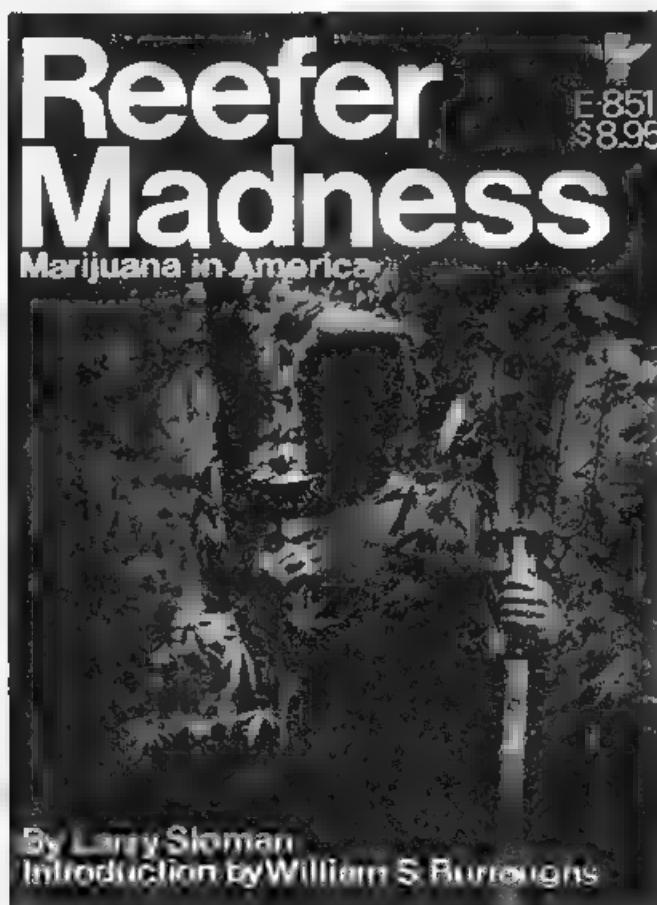
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# REEFER MADNESS: The History of Marijuana in America

BOOK BONUS

Part I: The rise of Harry J. Anslinger.  
by Larry Sloman



*There was fun in the House Health Committee during the week when the Marihuana bill came up for consideration. Marihuana is Mexican opium, a plant used by Mexicans and cultivated for sale by Indians. "When some beet field peon takes a few rares of this stuff," explained Dr. Fred Fulsher of Mineral County, "he thinks he has just been elected president of Mexico so he starts out to execute all his political enemies. I understand that over in Butte where the Mexicans often go for the winter they stage imaginary bullfights in the 'Bower of Roses' or put on tournaments for the favor of 'Spanish Rose' after a couple of whiffs of Marihuana. The Silver Bow and Yellowstone delegations both deplore these international complications." Everybody laughed and the bill was recommended for passage*  
—Montana Standard, January 27, 1929

While the Montana legislature was "debating" their marijuana bill, a career bureaucrat, whose name would later go down in history linked hand-in-stem with the Marijuana Menace, was having a difficult time enforcing the prohibition of America's favorite recreational drug: alcohol. Harry Jacob Anslinger had just been appointed assistant commissioner of Prohibition, after working three years on the problem in Washington as chief of the Division of Foreign Control with the Treasury Department.

If there was ever a better prohibitionist, Uncle Sam had never received his service application. Anslinger was born on May 20, 1892, in Altoona, Pennsylvania, a Taurus on the cusp of Gemini. Of sturdy Pennsylvania Dutch parentage, the young lad suffered a

*Excerpted from  
Reefer Madness. The  
History of Marijuana  
in America by Larry  
Sloman. Grove Press,  
1983.*

traumatic experience at the age of 12 that was to change the course of his life. In *The Murderers—The Shocking Story of the Narcotic Gangs*, Anslinger painfully recalled that incident.

*As a youngster of twelve, visiting in the house of a neighboring farmer, I heard the screaming of a woman on the second floor I had never heard such cries of pain before. The woman, I learned later, was addicted, like many other women of that period, to morphine, a drug whose dangers most medical authorities did not yet recognize. All I remember was that I heard a woman in pain, whose cries seemed to fill my whole twelve-year-old being. Then her husband came running down the stairs, telling me I had to get into the cart and drive to town. I was to pick up a package at the drug store and bring it back for the woman.*

*I recall driving those horses, lashing at them, convinced that the woman would die if I did not get back in time. When I returned with the package—it was morphine—the man hurried upstairs to give the woman the dosage. In a little while her screams stopped and a hush came over the house.*

*I never forgot those screams. Nor did I forget that the morphine she had required was sold to a 12-year-old boy, no questions asked.*

But not only did young Harry harbor a crusader's zeal against the narcotic menace; he was possessed of a hankering for sleuthing and a remarkable aptitude for that work that produced results. At 20 he was an investigator for the Pennsylvania Railroad, while working his way through State College. A woman had been killed by the Broadway Limited at a grade crossing, and her aggrieved husband was suing for \$50,000 damages, claiming that her shoe had become caught in the track while crossing and that the oncoming train was not visible due to a sharp curve in the track. Just as the railroad company lawyers were about to settle the claim, Anslinger came forth with evidence that the accident was, in fact, suicide. Suspicious that anyone would cross at such an isolated spot, the young sleuth searched the area and found the victim's market basket in some bushes. On questioning the couple's neighbors, he learned that the pair had quarreled violently the morning of the accident. Finally the husband admitted that his wife had threatened to kill herself, and the spurious suit was dropped.

Anslinger's work impressed his superior, who, on promotion to head the

state police, enlisted Anslinger to take charge of arson investigations. Harry left college and investigated fires until World War I. At 25 he became an inspector for the War Department, after a year he applied for foreign service and in 1918 was assigned to the American Legation at The Hague. Situated behind enemy lines, young Anslinger carried out many espionage missions. As a result, he somehow obtained the field utility kit and other minor personal possessions of His Imperial Highness Kaiser Wilhelm II, which were donated to the Smithsonian Institution in 1957. "How I obtained them must remain a state secret," the modest official wrote later.

From The Hague, he became vice-consul at Hamburg, Germany, which was at that time a worldwide center for illicit drugs. After two years Anslinger was promoted to a consulship at La Guajira, Venezuela, where he encountered pearl-smuggling. These were good times for the Altoona native, and he and his wife, the former Martha Denniston, enjoyed the life of the foreign corps.

But duty reared its ugly head and interrupted Anslinger's idyllic stay in Venezuela, when he was transferred to

*The young Harry Anslinger (right), hair intact. Below: A seizure by the Bureau of Narcotics. There was speculation that not all confiscated weed went up in smoke.*

the Bahamas as consul in 1926. In Nassau Anslinger came face to face with rumrunning, and his prohibitionist instincts were honed. And on the creative front, being in the Bahamas gave him insight into another social problem: the shark scares. In his spare time, Harry wrote an article exposing the myth that



Wide World Photos



J. S. Drug Enforcement Agency

sharks attack humans, and revealed that it was, in fact, barracudas who are the culprits of the deep. Published in the June 12, 1926, issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, Anslinger debunked the shark's bad image with: "It may be safely stated that unless a shark is ravenously hungry he will not attack a human being, unless he is positive that the man has been drowned or is absolutely helpless. He has never been known to attack anything that is perfectly healthy."

It didn't take long for a torrent of letters to swamp the magazine's desks. People from all over the world sent in protesting letters, documenting horrible experiences where sharks had attacked humans. The editors at the *Post* forwarded the letters to Anslinger and asked for a follow-up article.

The result was "Shark Fins," and it bears scrutiny.

*Australians regard with astonishment persons who claim that the vicious barracuda is responsible for attacks by sharks. They have many arguments to back up their claim that the shark is a man-eater*

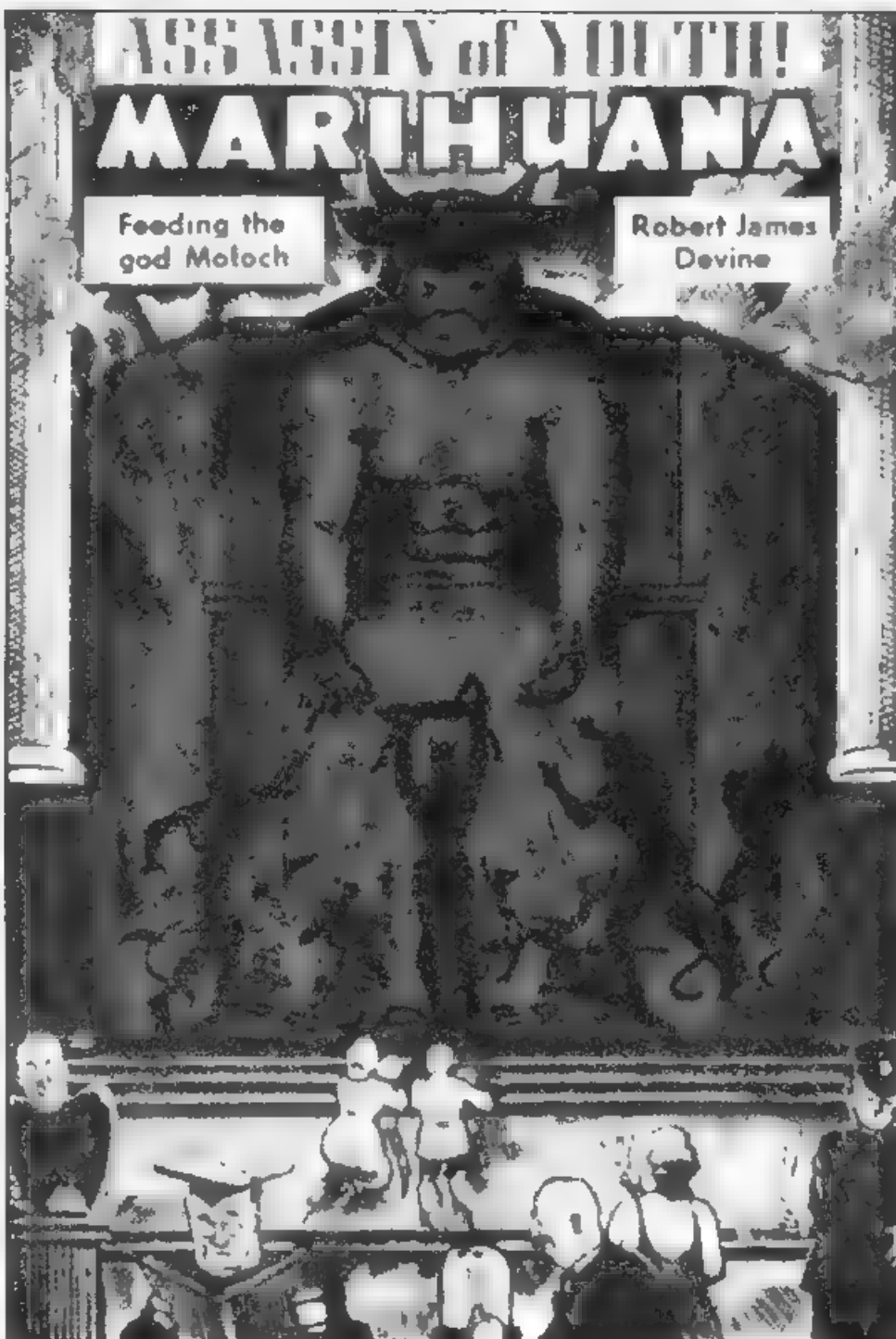
*Early in 1927, a fifteen-year-old boy died as a result of being attacked by a shark at Port Hacking, Australia.... It was found that the flesh of the right leg had been torn completely off from thigh to ankle, leaving the bones exposed and causing death shortly thereafter....*

*A sailor shipwrecked on Surprise Island reef in New Caledonia in 1916 saw a native Kanaka disappear in a flurry of blood and foam. The Kanakas remarked, "Too much blurry shark."...*

*In the summer of 1926, a shark captured at Koolau, Hawaii, was found to contain human bones and a pair of swimming trunks. The bones consisted of more than half of the upper part of a skull, a hand, a knee, two whole arms, one leg bone and the first and second cervical vertebrae. (Photograph) A quantity of short black hair was attached to the skull....*

At last this document reveals the full maturation of the inimitable Anslinger style, the style that would titillate thousands of readers of *The Murderers*, *The Protectors* and *The Traffic in Narcotics*. It was two-fisted journalism, pulling no punches, leaving no bone unturned. Here we have our first inkling of his tremendous feel for anatomical detail. Here we see the first usage of the litany of case histories. Finally, we note the obvious concern for the individual as opposed to the statistic. Nine years later Anslinger would be published again in a mass-media magazine. This time it would be the *American Magazine* of

# If there was ever a better prohibitionist than Anslinger, Uncle Sam had never received his application.



"The Marihuana Moloch," from a widely circulated 1943 pamphlet.

July 1937, but the style echoes the *Barramunda*, 1928. It began:

*The sprawled body of a young girl lay crushed on the sidewalk the other day after a plunge from the fifth story of a Chicago apartment house. Everyone called it suicide, but actually it was murder. The killer*

*was a narcotic known to America as marijuana, and to history as hashish. It is a narcotic used in the form of cigarettes, comparatively new to the United States and as dangerous as a coiled rattlesnake....*

It was the flowering of a long, dis-



tinguished career. In one paragraph one can hear the echoes of the bloody railroad tracks that the Broadway Central hugged, the moans of the innocent swimmers cut down during a moment of relaxation by a dark vicious denizen of the deep. And, of course, the shriek of that desperate woman in that lonely farmhouse. Harry Anslinger was 45 when his article appeared, and he was the head of the Bureau of Narcotics. And he had finally found his sharks in America, masquerading as a harmless little weed the Mexicans called marijuana, or "good feeling."

As Anslinger assumed control of the newly formed Bureau of Narcotics, which was subsumed into the Treasury Department of the federal government, the concern over marijuana was just beginning to have a national impact. In the states where marijuana usage was visible, namely, the Southwest and Louisiana, pressure began to mount to enact legislation against its use. Although most Americans couldn't care less about this strange exotic drug, a handful of newspaper editors, legislators and concerned citizens began to put pressure on Washington to move on the issue.

Anslinger took over as acting commissioner of an autonomous Federal Bureau of Narcotics in June 1930, fully cognizant of the increasing demand for federal regulation of marijuana and at least in some sense familiar with the drug itself. For in April of that year, Anslinger, in his position as secretary of the Federal Narcotics Control Board (under the Prohibition Unit), had instituted a survey of sorts into the cannabis problem. The survey was prompted by proposed legislation that sought to bring cannabis under the purview of the Narcotic Drugs Import and Export Act.

One of the people to whom Anslinger addressed a series of fundamental questions about cannabis was William Woodward, the director of the Bureau of Legal Medicine and Legislation of the American Medical Association. The AMA, who by 1930 was a potent political force in medical matters, had uneasy relations with the Treasury Department, especially since the Harrison Act had set the stage for a large number of cases where doctors were arrested and prosecuted for treating drug addicts by maintaining their habit.

So Woodward's reply to Anslinger on April 28, 1930, reeked with sarcasm and ill-disguised contempt.

To his chilly letter Woodward appended a 13-page document consisting of extracts from letters he had received

**"The dominant races are alcoholic, whilst the races addicted to hemp have deteriorated both mentally and physically."**

from pharmaceutical manufacturers relative to the pharmaceutical use and habit-forming properties of cannabis. Twenty-nine out of the 30 respondents objected strongly to including cannabis under the Narcotic Drugs Act. One pharmacist railed: "Absolute rot. It is not necessary. I have never known of its misuse." A few maintained that the government should let sleeping dogs lie.

*With reference to Cannabis Indica, also Cannabis Americana, as far as our experience goes, the drug is practically abandoned in regular medicine. In veterinary medicine it is used to some extent. We make and offer the tincture and fluid extract and sell almost none. As far as we know there are only three products we offer in which it is one of the unimportant ingredients. Our opinion is that an action of this kind would only call attention to something which is already dormant and of no consequence, at least in the Eastern section of the United States.*

The one respondent who cautioned Woodward about cannabis was saved for last. This correspondent reported meeting a physician from India who contracted the cannabis habit during World War I. "He said that for three years he was as much a slave to the addiction of the drug as was ever a user of opium in any of its forms. . . . He had to take treatment, which he described as being similar to the treatment for morphine addiction. He said it was at least four months after he left the sana-

torium before he fully regained his strength and nerve equilibrium. This may be an exceptional case."

That it was. Of 30 responses, only one reported negatively about cannabis. And, predictably enough, that was the one answer that Anslinger marked off in the margin of the letter with a broad bracket, destined to be filed for future use in the rapidly expanding file marked "Marihuana" of the infant Bureau of Narcotics.

Anslinger had also asked some of his field agents in the Prohibition Unit to investigate the cannabis situation. In June 1930, one narcotics agent made purchases of marijuana cigarettes and interrogated the vendors. He found that most of the marijuana sold in New York was sold by Spaniards and East Indians to trade consisting mostly of members of those races. The drug was obtained by these street peddlers from crews of boats belonging to the United Fruit Lines. Up in Harlem the marijuana was selling for twenty-five cents a cigarette, \$1 to \$1.50 for 15 to 20 grams and \$75 to \$100 a pound. However, the agent noted that the price was considerably cheaper along the border and in cities of the Southwest and West, where single cigarettes went for five cents and pounds could be purchased for \$5 or \$6.

The agent concluded:

*Marihuana is used for smoking by Indians, Mexicans, Philipinos [sic], Spaniards, and East Indians. In the larger cities of the United States it is used, distributed and sold in the Spanish, Filipino, Greek, East Indian and Mexican quarters, and it is used by some white habitués of the Tenderloin districts. In Texas, Oklahoma, and Southern California it is used to a great extent in cities surrounding the oil fields where there is a large population of Mexicans and Indians, and by habitués of the Tenderloin. The smokers use it for its enlivening effect which is described as making things appear brighter, and relieving the user of care and worry. Overindulgence in smoking it causes temporary insanity, makes the user irresponsible and vicious, and deeds of violence have been committed under its influence.*

By December 18, 1930, Anslinger had finally attained Senate confirmation as the commissioner of the new Narcotics Bureau, a confirmation that came on the heels of a record \$5-million dope bust in New York the day before. It was a perfectly timed publicity play, something Anslinger would become very adept at, and it so moved one senator that he entered a newspaper report

of the arrest into the *Congressional Record* with a preface: "This commendable act gives evidence that Mr. Anslinger is going to make an effective and useful commissioner."

Anslinger's rise to commissioner of the Bureau of Narcotics seemed meteoric, since he had spent only three years in the Prohibition Unit. However, some commentators have pointed out the fact that his wife Martha came from the well-connected Denniston family who made a fortune in steel, and was also a niece of Andrew Mellon, who, as secretary of treasury, was Anslinger's immediate superior. At any rate, Anslinger was a good solid Republican, taking office during the Hoover administration, and it would be two years before the New Deal would threaten his control over the Bureau.

When Anslinger took over, the Narcotics Bureau had an annual budget of \$1,411,260 up from the previous year's total of \$1,350,440—not bad for a depressed economy. But, operating with a staff of only some 300-odd agents, it was clear that priorities would have to be set with respect to law enforcement. While morphine and opium addiction were known evils, Anslinger, during 1931, received many queries from all over

the country regarding this new "menace," marijuana. Typical of these was a letter sent to the Narcotics Division on March 14, 1931, from Carl Murphy, the president of the *Afro-American*, which billed itself as the "World's Biggest All-Negro Weekly." Murphy wrote:

*I find theatrical folk smoking a cigarette which they term Reefer of Magyuana (the spelling is phoney and probably incorrect), a Mexican importation.*

*I understand that it is a drug and injurious to the health.*

*Please advise what the real name of this plant is and what its effects are on the human body.*

*Its use has spread so that it seems necessary to call attention to it if it is injurious.*

Anslinger replied with a standard letter describing *Cannabis indica*, detailing its deleterious effects, and noting the "grave question" as to its constitutionality if it were to be placed under the Harrison Act. Instead, he borrowed Surgeon General Dr. Hugh Cummings's ideas and raised the possibility of placing interstate commerce controls on its distribution and/or preventing its growth within the country.

But if Anslinger essentially passed

the political hempball, newspapers all over the country began agitating for federal regulations with respect to the new drug. In New Orleans, where marijuana consciousness had been high since the 1920s, a number of magazine articles helped to increase the pressure on the newly formed Bureau to act on this grave social issue.

One of these agitators was Dr. A. E. Fossier, an M.D. from New Orleans, who, on April 14, 1931, read a paper before the Louisiana State Medical Society called "The Marijuana [sic] Menace." Fossier's paper began with a recounting of the legendary Assassin myth, a myth that links hashish to the commission of brutal murders in Persia around 1090. Although the myth was later discredited, it served as demonstrable proof that marijuana use was intimately tied up with brutal crime. Fossier argued that one in every four people arrested in New Orleans was "addicted to marijuana." Seventeen of the 37 murderers smoked "muggles," the marijuana cigarette.

But Fossier revealed the implicit racism that the early antimarijuana crusaders shared when he speculated on the causes for the alarming rise of "marijuana addiction":

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As far as it can be ascertained this addiction has assumed formidable proportions since the advent of that "noble experiment," that fiasco, prohibition. In fact, it is the offspring which bids fair to surpass its dissembling parent in destroying moral inhibition. The lesser of the two evils is alcohol. . . . The debasing and baneful influence of hashish and opium is not restricted to individuals, but has manifested itself in nations and races as well. The dominant race and most enlightened countries are alcoholic, whilst the races and nations addicted to hemp and opium, some of which once attained to heights of culture and civilization, have deteriorated both mentally and physically.

The paper was very well received, and much praise was heaped on the hemp theories of Dr. Fossier during the discussion period. Dr. Frank Gomila, the commissioner of Public Safety of New Orleans, assured the good doctors present that the police department had been ordered to crack down on the muggles trade, since it was a drug "in the same class as heroin." In closing, Fossier had one last warning.

If overnight, after the advent of prohibition, this nation became so adept in the brewing of beer, the making of wine and the distilling of alcohol, so much so that even children are adept in their manufacture, what will happen in the near future, with such a dangerous plant that may grow in our very backyards?

Another influential article which appeared that year was "Marihuana As a Developer of Criminals," by Eugene Stanley, the district attorney of New Orleans. Originally published in the *American Journal of Police Science*, it recommended that marijuana be placed among the narcotic drugs covered under the Harrison Act. Again the old Assassin myth was trotted out, along with the notion that the drug is favored by the underworld for its value in "subjugating the will of human derelicts to that of a master mind." As if that weren't enough, Stanley further cautioned that it is commonly used as an aphrodisiac, although its continued use leads to impotency.

Stanley's article was widely circulated among law-enforcement officials, and one copy was sent to Anslinger by the New Orleans Narcotic Agent in Charge. In an accompanying letter, the perceptive agent wrote:

This is forwarded for information of the Bureau, and of any interest the Bureau

may have in the proposition now and in the future, as Mr. Stanley had given newspaper interviews along the same line urging public opinion to compel the Federal Government to have a law passed with regard to "Marihuana" similar to the anti-narcotic statutes.

Of course, it is a self-evident fact that the Federal Government would be seriously handicapped in the enactment and enforcement of law upon "Marihuana." Here in New Orleans, and in the Southland, this plant grows promiscuously. The Police Department here in New Orleans advises this office that this vegetable is grown generally on vacant city lots and out in the open country. The difficulty of enforcing a restrictive law with regard to production of "Marihuana" is obvious. It would appear that the suppression of the growth, use and dealing in Cannabis Indica is very clearly a police matter, hardly to be reached effectively by an Internal Revenue Statute of the Federal Government.

In his reply, Anslinger agreed with the agent's views and further stated that before federal legislation could be proposed, "it would be necessary to give the subject very careful consideration, particularly with reference to the extent to which cannabis sativa is grown in the United States, the extent of its use for bona fide medical purposes, and whether such use could be supplied by the substitution of a less harmful drug." He then requested that these views be communicated by the agent to Mr. Stanley.

So, early in his first year in office it was clear that Anslinger did not desire to burden his small staff with the additional responsibility of regulating traffic in a weed that was so widely available. The pressure on the Bureau to do so was coming from the southwestern, western and Gulf states and, by and large, the users of this new drug were minorities.

In an interview with Yale professor David Musto in 1970, Anslinger recalled that early enforcement was directed at Mexicans whom the "sheriffs and local police departments claimed got loaded on the stuff and caused a lot of trouble, stabbing, assaults, and so on." But the New Orleans authorities were the first to warn the nation of the real danger marijuana offered. It was one thing that Mexicans were cutting each other up in the barrios during these lean Depression years. It was quite a different cause for concern when the muggles were actually being sold to impressionable white school-

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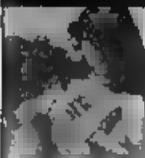


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children. Gomila, in one of his  
mid-1930 articles on the dangers of  
marijuana, reported. "One gentleman  
of the byways explained. 'The worst  
thing about that loco weed is the way  
these kids go for them. Most of them,  
boys and girls, are just punks and when  
they get high on the stuff you can write  
your own ticket.'"

But by 1931 the hysteria was largely  
confined to New Orleans, and Ansling-  
er sought to temper it in the Bureau's  
annual report: "The Traffic in Opium  
and Other Dangerous Drugs." He  
wrote:

*This abuse of the drug (Marihuana) is  
noted particularly among the Latin-Amer-  
ican or Spanish-speaking population....*

*A great deal of public interest has been  
aroused by newspaper articles appearing  
from time to time on the evils of the abuse  
of marihuana, or Indian hemp, and more  
attention has been focused upon specific  
cases reported of the abuse of the drug  
than would otherwise have been the case.  
Thus publicity tends to magnify the extent  
of the evil and lends color to an inference  
that there is an alarming spread of the  
improper use of the drug, whereas the  
actual increase in such use may not have  
been inordinately large ...*

Anslinger urged state laws to regulate  
marijuana use, and this remained the  
position of the Bureau over the next  
few years; all inquiries to the Bureau  
with respect to marijuana got the stan-  
dard reply that it was a matter for the  
states and their localities to deal with. It  
was clear that marijuana was not a  
priority of the Bureau.

During 1933 and 1934 the pressure on  
the Bureau mounted. Newspapers  
carried lurid accounts of the spread of  
the marijuana habit. For example, the  
*Los Angeles Examiner*, on November 5,  
1933, screamed: MURDER WEED FOUND  
UP AND DOWN COAST DEADLY MARI-  
HUANA DOPE PLANT READY FOR HAR-  
VEST THAT MEANS ENSLAVEMENT OF  
CALIFORNIA CHILDREN Two days later  
the *San Francisco Examiner* headlined,  
DOPE OFFICIALS HELPLESS TO CURB  
MARIHUANA USE.

However, in 1934 the marijuana  
phenomenon received attention from  
professional quarters as well as the sen-  
sationalistic press. At Bellevue Hospital  
in New York, Walter Bromberg, an as-  
sistant psychiatrist at the time, reported  
a clinical study of *Cannabis sativa* in the  
September issue of the *American Jour-  
nal of Psychiatry*. Bromberg, who was  
presenting the first scientific data on  
marijuana since the scare began in the

early 1930s, found that marijuana itself was not primarily responsible for crime. Rather, he argued that the drug simply uncovers the underlying anti-social aggressive and sadistic elements of persons who may use it. Using as an informant "an intelligent Negro who has had an extensive criminal career and a wide acquaintance in the underworld," Bromberg delved into the sociological aspects of marijuana use. "Most folks in show business smoke it," Bromberg quoted his source as saying. "For the last five years it has increased to my knowing.... You can leave it at the start but not after a while. You want the exhalation it gives you.... After a while, you just go on the bum. You can't do anything. You are dull.... Dancers especially like it because it makes you feel light. Only a few of those who smoke marihuana go in for morphine or heroin. Most of those who have the habit are satisfied with it and stay in it, increasing the dose."

Returning to the crime thesis, Bromberg reported that not a single case of confirmed marijuana addiction was found in a group of 2,216 criminals convicted of felonies in the Court of General Sessions in New York City in 1933. "None of the assault crimes could be said to have been committed under the drug's influence. No crimes were committed in this group at a time during or after the intoxication," he concluded.

One year later, in 1935, in an article for *Medical Record* called "The Menace of Marihuana," Bromberg continued to debunk the "breeder of crime" theory regarding marijuana:

*In considering marihuana as a "breeder of crime" one must bear in mind the psychopathic types that use the drug. It is more than probable that alcohol is at least as responsible for crime as is marihuana. It is inaccurate to assign such a role to the drug when the basic antisocial nature of the persons who use it is understood. From the material quoted and the experience with users, it is clear that marihuana cannot be considered a primary cause of crime. We cannot fasten on it responsibility for each new crime wave that appears....*

From all indications, Bromberg's empirical work had little effect on Anslinger. The commissioner did appropriate the quotes from Bromberg's Negro source for the Bureau files; as for the doctor's thesis, Anslinger seemed to have little interest. That is, until February 1937, when he wrote to the assistant surgeon general inquiring whether Bromberg was in good standing in the

medical profession.

However, we must note that Anslinger had other preoccupations at the time. After narrowly surviving when FDR and his Democratic New Deal swept into office, Anslinger came under serious attack near the end of 1934. A slew of letters descended on the White House, criticizing the running of the Bureau of Narcotics. One such letter, addressed to Roosevelt intimate James Farley, went:

*Anslinger, shaking and trembling, knowing you are going to can him, is making a big noise recently (seeking publicity) pinching a lot of poor sick addicts. And here's the sad part—a genuine tragedy—he conveys to society the impression that drug addicts are desperate criminals.*

*Mr. Farley, drug addicts are the most harmless class of people in the country. A smart dick will tell you the same. Not a narcotic agent.*

But the protests came from higher places, too. In a letter to Stephen B. Gibbons, the assistant secretary of the treasury and one of Anslinger's superiors, newly elected senator Joseph Guffey of Pennsylvania called for Anslinger's dismissal.

*Enclosed herewith please find copy of a circular letter issued by Mr. H. J. Anslinger, Commissioner, Bureau of Narcotics, Treasury Department to District Supervisors and others concerned regarding Mr. \_\_\_\_\_.*

*This circular letter has become public and the colored population of the State of Pennsylvania have been advised thereof. I am being deluged with complaints from our colored population because Mr. Anslinger has been so indiscreet as to refer to one of their race as a "ginger-colored nigger."*

*It would seem to me that a man in such a responsible position as that held by Mr. Anslinger should have more discretion than to refer to one of such a large part of the population of this Country in the manner quoted above, and I doubt very much that one so indiscreet should be allowed to remain in such a responsible position. Personally, I think he should be replaced, and I submit the matter to you for your consideration.*

But Anslinger had developed a strong following which included many highly placed pharmaceutical executives, many right-wing newspaper editors and some influential congressmen; and, in the pre-Earl Butz atmosphere of the 1930s, he weathered the storm of his indiscreet remarks. □

**Next month: The Gore File**

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**HIGH LADIES,** just kickin' back in the Pen, finished some GOOD smoke and started dreaming about jazzy petite ladies, help me out with some kind words! 6'3", 189 29, black hair, hazel eyes I'm in N Cal. STEVE PERRY, B-83910, Box 600, B-H-350, Tracy, CA 95376

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# DOPE LORE



## 1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS THIRTY-FIRST OF A MONTHLY SERIES

**438** **S**OME OF THE WPA WORKERS SPECIALLY trained to recognize marijuana have been placed on duty in the boroughs of the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond to eradicate the weed from vacant lots.

*J. Amer. Med. Assn.,  
vol. 107 437, 1936*

**439** **C**HRISTIAN TEKKELA, an Indian medicine, if drank constantly, will at length, induce a decay of health and hectic fever.

*Jesse Torrey,  
The Moral Instructor,  
about 1810*

**440** **C**ATHOLIC CLERICS ESTABLISHED a formidable array of prohibitions against the use of peyote. In 1571 the Inquisition was introduced into Mexico, and by 1620 it declared officially that since the use of peyote was the work of the devil, all Christians were prohibited from using it. An early seventeenth century publication by Father Nicolas de León titled *Camino del Cielo* (Road to Heaven) presented a series of questions that the confessor should direct to Indian penitents. Some items clearly indicate the widespread fear of witchcraft and other occult activities of the Indians. One interesting section of questions for the priest to ask is:

Art thou a soothsayer? Dost thou foretell events by reading signs, or by interpreting dreams, or by water, making circles and figures on its surface? Dost thou sweep and ornament with flower garlands the places where idols are preserved? Dost thou know certain words with which to conjure for success in hunting, or to bring rain?

Dost thou suck the blood of others, or dost thou wander about at night, calling upon the demon to help thee? Has thou drunk peyoti, or hast thou given it to others to drink, in order to find out secrets, or to discover where stolen or lost articles were? Dost thou know how to speak to vipers in such words that they obey thee?

*Edward F. Anderson,  
Peyote: The Divine Cactus  
1980*

**441** **O**NE OF THE BEST KNOWN MEDICATED actions of amphetamines is their power to stimulate fatigued, idle or listless

people to perform some kind of physical activity. For many years they were given [amphetamine] (particularly during the Second World War) to enhance performance of tasks requiring mental or physical concentration and to improve endurance, objectives which may be important in the context of warfare.

Careful studies have been carried out in recent years to assess the influence of amphetamines on these faculties, but have given contradictory results. In some work, the drugs' effect on performance (qualitative and quantitative) has been found to be absent or negligible, while other researchers have recorded a definite improvement in the performance of psychologically or physically taxing tasks (e.g. completing mathematical problems; and in various sports such as running and swimming). Lassitude resulting from fatigue or boredom can certainly be overcome in the short term by amphetamines, and one of the hazards associated with their use is that such drugs can mask the effects even of chronic fatigue: they should never be taken if the person is already overtired unless the reasons are really compelling. Such situations arose during the Second World War: then Benzedrine was routinely given to military personnel who required to be in a state of combat-readiness for long periods of time, such as fighter pilots. In fact amphetamine was used by German and Japanese as well as British soldiers and airmen.

At that time Benzedrine tablets were issued to servicemen and others in a way that would now be regarded as careless and irresponsible; but then amphetamine was seen as a safe and effective remedy against sleepiness. A practitioner known to one of the present authors recalls that he dispensed Benzedrine on demand to aircrews during the war, as did many of his colleagues, *ad libitum*. Immediately [after] the war ended, the alerting effects of these drugs were made known to various groups of people who were obliged to work long hours, and among whom truck drivers were signalized.

By the 1950s in Britain and the USA, amphetamine tablets, called 'purple hearts' because of a popular preparation's shape and colour, began to be used non-medically by young people of the post war generation. The association between such phenomena and the arrival of rock and-roll

music is well documented. If one wanted to dance all night, then this was facilitated by a fistful of 'hearts.' But at a price: the ruinous dangers of chronic amphetamine misuse were only gradually recognized, and not until the mid 1960s was the prescription of these compounds curtailed by legislation. Illegal use then began to increase vastly.

*Terence DuQuesne and  
Julian Reeves, M.D.,  
A Handbook of Psychopactive  
Medicines, 1982*

**442** **O**PERATION MOONLIGHT CLIMAX [CIA-rented apartments in New York, N.Y., and San Francisco, Calif.]

From 1954 to 1963, these experiments took place in rooms with red drapes, Toulouse-Lautrec posters of cancan girls, and dressing tables trimmed in black velvet — a stereotype of the brothel. Men were lured from bars, probably by call girls, and without their knowledge were given LSD and marijuana. The subjects were then observed by agents through two-way mirrors in adjoining rooms. The project was carried out in cooperation with the now defunct Federal Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs, mostly through senior narcotics agent George White (a.k.a. Morgan Hall). The apartment in New York, called a "field lab" and "safe house," was located at 103 West 13th Street; the address of the apartment in San Francisco has not been revealed. There was no direct proof that moonlighting prostitutes were used, but a former CIA psychologist said that he had interviewed several prostitutes in the New York apartment. Also, several \$100 payments for "undercover agents' operating expenses" were listed in CIA documents. During the Senate investigation in 1977, Massachusetts senator Edward Kennedy asked Adm. Stansfield Turner, CIA director, if he could come to any conclusions from these facts. "No, sir," Turner answered as he reached for a glass of water, while those in the hearing room laughed. It was no laughing matter. Some of the "subjects" became violently ill and ended up in the hospital, not knowing what was wrong with them.

*Ann Elwood in "Seven Secret  
CIA Mind Control  
Experiments,"  
from Irving Wallace et al.:  
The Book of Lists #2, 1979*

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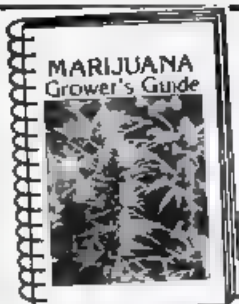
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## CINEMA

/ continued from page 61

robbers (only distantly congruous with the real-life Barrow gang) who act out a violent, mindless rebellion and pay the bloody consequences. *Bonnie and Clyde*, released at the height of the Vietnam War, taught us that the Establishment was not only wrong; it was evil.



"Open the pod door, Hal, please."

**Stanley Kubrick**—Before he started directing movies (his first, *Fear and Desire*, was financed rather improbably by his uncle Moe, a Brooklyn grocer), Stanley Kubrick was a high-school failure who supported himself by peddling photographs to *Look* magazine, and hustling chess games in Washington Square Park. But by 1956, with the low budget *The Killing* (made when Kubrick was only 28), he was a full-fledged *enfant terrible*; and in the '60s, with *Lolita*, *Dr. Strangelove* and, especially, his mystical science fiction epic, *2001: A Space Odyssey*, Kubrick became the special idol of American film buffs. His acerbic view of society, his corrosive humor and the superrefined aestheticism of his camera work (Kubrick used shadows, angles and a constantly tracking camera in a way that recalled both Orson Welles and the prestidigitators of silent films), made him a revered figure—even though by the time of *Lolita*, he had fled America for England. Kubrick taught us, more than anything, the humors of obsession and the beauties of paranoia. His characters were almost always doomed from the very first moment; one watched them, writhing, helpless, in the jaws of that trap, laughter echoing grimly while darkness closed in. It was a prototypically '60s viewpoint. (Fittingly, the artificer of that ultimate epic of flight, *2001*—shot almost completely in the studio—was afraid, in real life, even to travel by airplane.)

**Roman Polanski**—Roman Polanski made a bewilderingly rapid climb

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through the decade. Beginning as a Polish film actor and a director of experimental, Samuel Beckett influenced shorts, he became, in quick succession, the internationally applauded director of a psychological drama (*Krife in the Water*); an expatriate Briton who specialized in kinky horror (*Repulsion*, *Cul-de-Sac*, *The Fearless Vampire Killers*) and, finally, the Hollywood transcriber of a best-selling thriller under the guiding hand of producer William Castle (*Rosemary's Baby*). Polanski created a world of shadowy, confining corridors; Gothic enclosure; nubile, sexy victims; and impending dread. He had perhaps the most brilliant photographic technique of any of the younger '60s directors, and he used this gift to imprison his audiences in a morass of fears and threat. (*Cul-de-Sac*, though the least-known of these films, is the most perfect embodiment of those fears.) Then, at the end of the decade, a real-life horror struck him down; more marrow-chilling than anything in his films, it swept down from the Spahn Ranch on his home, his friends and his wife, Sharon Tate. Polanski taught us that the world is a cul-de-sac from which there is no escape; that sex is a corridor that leads to slaughter.



*Quick, authoritarian or totalitarian?*

*Z* (1969; Costa Gavras.)—*Z* was a gutsy, evisceratingly fast thriller, based so baldly on the Lambrakis assassination and the putsch of the Greek "colonels," that director Costa-Gavras and writer Jorge Semprun cheekily proclaimed (after the titles), that any similarity to characters living or dead was not coincidental, but *intentional*. If we measure political films by their *effectiveness*, *Z* was the major political cinema of the decade (even more than its closest rival, Gilles Pontecorvo's *The Battle of Algiers*); because, as much as Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* started the "Great War," *Z* was the movie that finally brought the colonels down. It taught us that, with a camera in your hand, you can change the world. □

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# TOP OF THE POPS

What! No  
Strawberry  
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High Times  
picks the 60 best  
albums of  
the '60s.



*Bob Dylan* (Columbia CS8579). Dylan practically started the '60s single-handedly. The '50s had ended with most of the first wave of rock 'n' rollers dead, burnt out or otherwise out of commission, replaced by the hack crooners from Philadelphia (Frankie Avalon, Fabian) and the monolithic production styles of Motown and Phil Spector. Folk music replaced rock 'n' roll as the sound of teenage America, and Dylan was the first major personality to emerge from the coffeehouse scene. On his first album, Dylan is very green, very derivative and very intense. The shadow of Woody Guthrie, and, for that matter, Ramblin' Jack Elliot, looms heavily over his performances, and the hoot-night collection of standard folk and blues songs he covers seems almost funny in retrospect. But Dylan's genius as a singer is evident here from scratch. Even when the circumstances don't fit the material (imagine a young kid tearing up the New York folk scene singing tubercular anthems like "Fixin' to Die" and "In My Time of Dying"), Dylan delivers every line with devastating emotional impact and a whining undertone that hints of doom, warning—the voice of a man who's made a deal with the devil. There's also no question that underneath the folk exterior, Dylan was a full-fledged rock 'n' roll star.



*Free Jazz*, Ornette Coleman (Atlantic 1364). This is one of the most important records, not just of the '60s, but of the 20th century. Coleman's bold conception on this record was to push the boundaries of "jazz" improvisation beyond their previously accepted limits. This was not so startling in itself—experimentation had been a keynote in jazz during the late '50s—but the importance of Coleman's direction was that he was attempting (successfully) to bring the most creative improvisation into the mainstream, as Miles Davis had done in a simpler way at the end of the '50s with his landmark *Kind of Blue* LP. *Free Jazz* was beyond the comprehension of the average listener when it was released, but 22 years later it



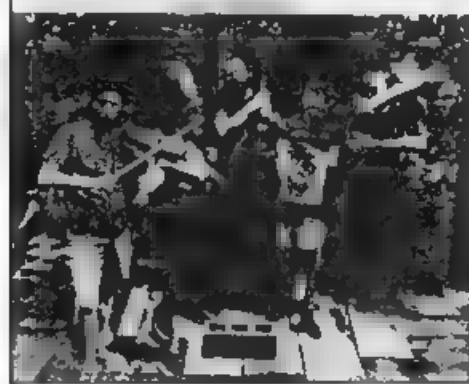
sounds like a logical and even accessible anticipation of the direction music has taken subsequently. The double quartet that plays the 36-minute extended improvisation consists of Coleman on alto sax, Eric Dolphy on bass clarinet, Don Cherry on pocket trumpet, Freddie Hubbard on trumpet, Charlie Haden and Scott LaFaro on bass and Ed Blackwell and Billy Higgins on drums.

*The Holy Modal Rounders* (Prestige 4031). Peter Stampfel and Steve Weber offer a very weird extension of the strangeness hanging around the edges of the folk scene, delivering a kind of revenge to the promise of mind-boggling inherent in Dylan. This is as much of a rock 'n' roll record as a folk record, including nuggets like "Euphoria" and "Mister Spaceman" alongside traditional material such as "The Cuckoo" and "Hesitation Blues."

*Live at Mr. Kelly's*, Muddy Waters (Chess 50012). Waters is one of the best blues vocalists in history. He did as much to influence rock and popular music as any other blues musician, singing with savage yet calculated emotion, and controlling a fierce beat effortlessly. This live album shows Muddy at the top of his form, backed by Willie Smith on drums, Calvin Jones on bass, Joe Perkins on piano and James Madison

and Samuel Lawhorn (not to mention Muddy himself) on guitars. *Under the Boardwalk*, the Drifters (Atlantic 8099) This great presoul vocal group did Brill Building standards like nobody else. Aside from the title track, this LP includes "Up on the Roof" and "On Broadway."

## THE FUGS FIRST ALBUM



*The Fugs First Album* (ESP 1018). Beyond even the weirdness of the Holy Modal Rounders, this outfit added the visionary talents of Ed Sanders, Tuli Kupferberg, Ken Weaver, Vinny Leary and John Anderson to Stampfel and Weber. The poetry/music/mayhem produced as a result included "Slum Goddess," "I Couldn't Get High," "My Baby Done Left Me," "Boobs a Lot" and the last word, "Nothing." Adelphi has just rereleased a Fugs collection, *The Fugs Greatest Hits, Vol. 1* (Adelphi 4116), which includes some of this material. *Tijuana Moods*, Charles Mingus (RCA 0939). Bassist/composer/bandleader Mingus made many different kinds of music. This set has a pensive and somewhat exotic flavor well-suited to the brooding mysticism this master could evoke, and a typically '60s musical moment.

*Live at the Regal*, B.B. King (MCA ABCS-724). King, the slickest and most elegant showman ever to play the blues, uses his encyclopedic knowledge of the music's forms to carve one of the finest guitar/vocal styles in the genre. Of the several live LPs he's made, this is by far the best, showcasing B.B. at the peak of his powers on standards like "Every Day I Have the Blues," "Sweet Little Angel" and "How Blue Can You Get."

*Beatles '65* (Capitol T2228). In which the Beatles become a full-fledged LP band. This record anticipates the band's fast accelerating studio genius through the

rest of the decade. Side two is particularly fine, climaxing with the perfect drone guitar segue between "She's a Woman" and "I Feel Fine." *The Yardbirds* (Epic FE38455). This finest Yardbirds LP showcases the talents of guitarist Jeff Beck on such memorable tracks as "Lost Woman," "Over Under Sideways Down" and "Jeff's Boogie." Hundreds and thousands of young guitarists cut their teeth on the Beck solos on this record, and it's worth noting that the second guitarist on the set is Jimmy Page, who joins Beck on "Happenings Ten Years Time Ago."

*A Love Supreme*, John Coltrane (MCA Impulse A-77). One of Coltrane's most lyrical albums, this was made at the apex of the saxophonist's career. The spiritual impact of the haunting melodic theme will never leave you, and the interaction among Coltrane, drummer Elvin Jones, pianist McCoy Tyner and bassist Jimmy Garrison is sublime.

*Blues Breakers*, John Mayall with Eric Clapton (London LC50009). Mayall's best album features Clapton, fresh from the Yardbirds, unveiling his trademark blues style for the first time. His debt to Texas guitar tradition is evident on Freddie King's "Hideaway" and Otis Rush's "All Your Love." This is one of the high points of the British blues process.



*Fifth Dimension*, the Byrds (Columbia CS9349). America's answer to the Beatles, the West Coast's answer to Dylan, the Byrds were the first and most famous of the folk/rock bands. Unfortunately, the label was more confusing than useful, and the band suffered a bit as a result. They were never more of a rock group, though, than on this album, and they never sounded better. The title track, "Mr. Spaceman" (not to be confused with the Rounders

tune) and "Eight Miles High" are the high points.

*Animalization*, the Animals (MGM SE-4384). Newcastle's blues belter Eric Burdon at his best, leading the raunchiest lineup of Animals through a sweating set that blasts out "Don't Bring Me Down," "Cheating," "Inside Looking Out," "See See Rider," "Gin House Blues" and "I Put a Spell on You." White blues at its most powerful.

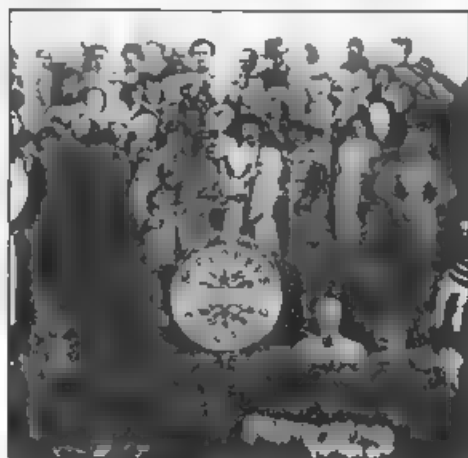
*Bringing It All Back Home*, Bob Dylan (Columbia CS9128). The rock star in Dylan didn't take long to put the folk singer in his place, and this great electric rock 'n' roll album made the hair on every moldy folkie's neck stand on end halfway through the '60s. Virtually every song is memorable—"Subterranean Homesick Blues," "She Belongs to Me," "Maggies Farm," "Love Minus Zero/No Limit," etc. From Dylan's liner notes: "A song is anything that can walk by itself."



*Freak Out*, the Mothers of Invention (Verve V5005-2). *Gotcha!* A Los Angeles-based, New York-attacking evil genius named Frank Zappa convinces an unwieldy group of would-be rock stars to do things they don't understand in hopes of making it big. They were tricked instead into making an amazing musical/cultural statement, glibly conducted by the deadpan maestro. We have the prophetic "Trouble Every Day," "Who Are the Brain Police?" comic relief in "Wowie Zowie" and "You're Probably Wondering Why I'm Here," and the goods—a side-long unfinished work called "The Return of the Son of Monster Magnet." When this record came out they couldn't give it away—now it's a prized collector's item. And to think people thought he was on drugs...

*Rubber Soul*, the Beatles (Capitol ST2442). This is the album where the

Beatles perfected their LP-length concepts. Influenced by the softer modes of American folk rock, the quartet produced their first extended melodic masterpiece, highlighted by "I've Just Seen a Face," "You Won't See Me," "Thank for Yourself," "Michelle" and "Run for Your Life."



*Live at the Apollo*, James Brown (King 826) The godfather of soul has been at the forefront of live performance for over three decades, and this album documents his blistering '60s act, a legendary performance that, as the *TAMI Show* proved, not even the Rolling Stones could follow.

*Aftermath*, the Rolling Stones (London PS476) The Stones started as a great white blues band and evolved into a rock 'n' roll institution. This record shows the transition. You have the long blues jam, "Going Home"; rock classics like "Paint It Black," "Stupid Girl," "Under My Thumb" and "Think"; and drawing-room pop like "Lady Jane" and "I Am Waiting."

*Electric Music for the Mind and Body*, Country Joe and the Fish (Vanguard VSD79244). A primer of psychedelia, notable for "Superbird," "Flying High," "Not So Sweet Martha Lorraine" and "Happiness Is a Porpoise Mouth."

*Shotgun*, Jr. Walker and the All Stars (Soul 701). Motown was a singles label in the '60s, and this album was put together to play off the success of the title track, but they couldn't have made a better LP if they'd tried. One fantastic instrumental follows another, with appropriately shouted encouragements, making for a nonstop dance groove.

*Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, the Beatles (Capitol 2653). The album that changed the world. This was the soundtrack for the '67 "Sum-

mer of Love," an official endorsement of psychedelia and the most elaborate four-track pop production in history *The Doors* (Elektra 74007). Jim Morrison was the gonzo king, the best front man for a rock band imaginable, and on this first LP his excesses had not yet taken over the proceedings. The result included "Light My Fire," the band's most famous number, the great "Break On Through" and the psycho thriller "The End."

*East-West*, the Butterfield Blues Band (Elektra EKS7315). America's best multiracial blues band featured Butterfield on harmonica and the dual guitar lineup of Mike Bloomfield and Elvin Bishop. The rhythm section of bassist Jerome Arnold and drummer Billy Davenport ensured a solid foundation for the soloists' pyrotechnics, which were highlighted by Bloomfield's rich raga-influenced soloing.

*Something Else by the Kinks*, the Kinks (Reprise 6279). The Kinks were one of the first British hard-rock bands, busting out of the gate with "You Really Got Me" and "All Day and All of the Night" in the early '60s, but as hard rock became psychedelia, the Kinks retreated into miniaturisms and nostalgia. Songwriter Ray Davies evolved a critique of British society in these songs, and *Something Else* is one of his most thoughtful collections—"David Watts," "Two Sisters," "Harry Rag," "Situation Vacant," "Afternoon Tea," "End of the Season" and the great "Waterloo Sunset."

*The History of Otis Redding* (Atco SD33-261) Redding was The Voice, the greatest singer of the era and one of the most successful R&B artists at crossing over to the white audience. This LP includes "I've Been Loving You Too Long," "Try a Little Tenderness," "These Arms of Mine," "Pain in My Heart," "Shake," "Respect," "Mr. Pitiful" and "I Can't Turn You Loose." *I Never Loved a Man (the Way I Loved You)*, Aretha Franklin (Atlantic SD8139) Aretha was undisputed queen of soul, the female counterpart to Redding in Atlantic's stable, and when this record was released she was on the hottest roll of her career. The former gospel star brought unbelievable feeling to everything she did. The title track is guaranteed to send chills up your spine, and her apocalyptic version of "Respect" ("Sock it to me sock it to me sock it to me a little respect") is one of the finest moments in the history of recorded music.

*Live Dead*, the Grateful Dead (Warner Bros. 1830). What would the '60s be without the Dead? What would the Dead be without live albums? People are still waiting for them to reproduce the seamless medley of "Dark Star," "St. Stephen," "The Eleven" and "Love-light" that covers the first three sides of this record.

*Smiley Smile*, the Beach Boys (Capitol ST9001). The Beach Boys played a lot more than surf music, and this is the finest, most experimental album this extraordinary vocal group ever made. "Heroes and Villains," "Vegetables," "Good Vibrations," "Wind Chimes" and "Gettin' Hungry" are the most challenging arrangements Brian Wilson created.

*After Bathing at Baxter's*, the Jefferson Airplane (RCA LSO1511) One of the greatest psychedelic albums, *Baxter's* is almost completely incomprehensible at first listening, but shows the Airplane at their recorded best on "The Ballad of You & Me & Pooneil," "Young Girl Sunday Blues," "Wild Tyme," "Two Heads" and "Won't You Try"/"Saturday Afternoon."



*Liege and Lief*, Fairport Convention (A&M SP4257). British folk rock used the rich tradition of plainsong, Church of England liturgical music and Celtic melodicism as the framework for its songs, and Fairport was the premier practitioner of the genre. The band featured the beautiful vocals of Sandy Denny, the fantastic rhythm section of drummer Dave Mattacks and bassist Ashley Hutchings, and the great Richard Thompson on guitar, along with Simon Nicol and violinist Dave Swarbrick. "Come All Ye," "Matty Groves" and "Crazy Man Michael" highlight this set.

*Fresh Cream*, Cream (Atco SD33-206)

The most influential power trio in history was led by guitarist Eric Clapton and featured bassist/vocalist Jack Bruce and drummer Ginger Baker. The record was an engineering triumph, recording the loudest sounds ever heard up until this time, and including an impressive display of multitracked guitars by Clapton, particularly on "Sweet Wine."

*The Best of Sam & Dave* (Atlantic SD 8218) This soul duo's best includes "Hold On, I'm Comin'," "Soul Man," "Soothe Me," "I Thank You," "Wrap It Up," "You Got Me Hummin'" and "Can't You Find Another Way [of Doing It]"



*John Wesley Harding*, Bob Dylan (Columbia KCS9604) Dylan came back from near death after his motorcycle accident with a more direct, unassuming instrumental style, and songs about coming face to face with God. "All Along the Watchtower," "The Wicked Messenger," "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" are all here

*Elephant Mountain*, the Youngbloods (RCA LSP4150) The Youngbloods best album is a little-known classic, notable for "Darkness, Darkness," "On Sir Francis Drake," "Beautiful" and "Ride the Wind."

*Axis: Bold As Love*, the Jimi Hendrix Experience (Reprise RS6281) The Hendrix guitar magic at its most overwhelming on futuristic sound montages: "Up from the Skies," "Spanish Castle Magic," "Little Wing," "If 6 Was 9," "Castles Made of Sand," "Bold As Love."

*The Sound of Wilson Pickett*, Wilson Pickett (Atlantic SD8145) The soul-rasping voice of the Wicked Pickett is immortalized on "Funky Broadway" here, along with "Soul Dance Number Three" and "I Found a Love."

*Dear Eloise/King Midas in Reverse*, the

Hollies (Epic BN26344). The British Beach Boys, led by Graham Nash, hit an experimental peak on the title tracks.

*Music from Big Pink*, the Band (Capitol SKAO2955). After years of excess, Dylan's backing group returns fundamental values to rock, on such classics as "Tears of Rage," "In a Station," "The Weight," "We Can Talk," "Chest Fever" and "This Wheel's on Fire."

*Traffic* (United Artists UAS6676) Though they came up through psychedelia, the Stevie Winwood/Dave Mason-led British quartet sounds more like the Band on this, their best album, which has "You Can All Join In," "Pearly Queen," "Who Knows What Tomorrow May Bring" and "Feelin' Alright?"

*Stand!*, Sly and the Family Stone (Epic BN26456) Soul music took a few clues from rock 'n' roll and came up with the big beat sound of Sly Stone. This record has "I Want to Take You Higher," "Sing a Simple Song," "Everyday People" and "You Can Make It If You Try."

*Cheap Thrills*, Big Brother and the Holding Company (Columbia KCS9700) The inimitable Janis Joplin at her throbbing vocal best with appropriate semipro backup from the hard-cranking Holding Company

*Introspect*, Joe South (Capitol ST108) Singer/songwriter/guitarist South brought the message of changing times to Dixie on this beautiful concept album. "Games People Play" was a big hit, but "These Are Not My People," "Don't You Be Ashamed," "Birds of a Feather," "Gabriel" and "Redneck" are all great.

*Santana* (Columbia CS9781) Salsa, jazz and rock are fused in a violent and heady mix on this band's debut album. The raw energy presented here was a better idea than some of guitarist Carlos Santana's subsequent noodlings.

*Tommy*, the Who (MCA2 10005). The Who made several fine albums during the '60s, but this is the one that put them on the map. It's the longest extended thematic statement ever produced by a rock band up until that time, hence the term "rock opera," and there are plenty of great individual songs—"It's a Boy," "Christmas," "The Acid Queen," "Pinball Wizard," "I'm Free," etc.

*The Electrifying Eddie Harris* (Atlantic SD1495) Jazz saxophonist Harris took a few cues from rock and soul and came up with the funk fatback classic "Listen

Here," which sounds even better now. *Kiln House*, Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros. RS6408) The blues and rockabilly numbers turned by guitarists Danny Kirwan and Jeremy Spencer have little to do with the Fleetwood Mac that became one of the top-selling '70s groups, but it's better music

*Hot Buttered Soul*, Isaac Hayes (Enterprise ENS1001). Before he started believing his own hype, Hayes was really onto something in his Hendrix cum James Brown synthesis of rock and soul styles. Backed by the Bar Keys, this record presents Hayes as a legitimate contender to the funk crown that George Clinton later claimed.

*The Allman Brothers Band* (Atco 33-308) This hot-licks Atlanta outfit avenged all the blues licks stolen by British bands by stealing them back and recasting them in a setting that even Grateful Dead fans loved. Guitarist Duane Allman had no peers.



*The Natch'l Blues*, Taj Mahal (Columbia CS9698). Excellent debut by a young contemporary bluesman features good arrangements of traditional numbers like "The Cuckoo" and "Corinna."

*Babylon, Dr. John* (Atco SD33-70). You'd never know Mac Rebennack was the king of New Orleans piano by listening to this, his most bizarre record

*Astral Weeks*, Van Morrison (Warner Bros. WS1768) Irish singer/poet Van Morrison moved easily between roles as gutbucket rock 'n' roll lead singer for Them, and the brooding, mystical bard of his solo albums. *Astral Weeks* is his most challenging record, on which Morrison is backed by a collection of superb jazz musicians including drummer Connie Kay of the Modern Jazz Quartet and bassist Richard Davis.

*Child Is Father to the Man*, Blood Sweat and Tears (Columbia CS9619) This is



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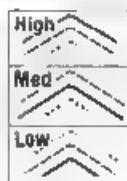
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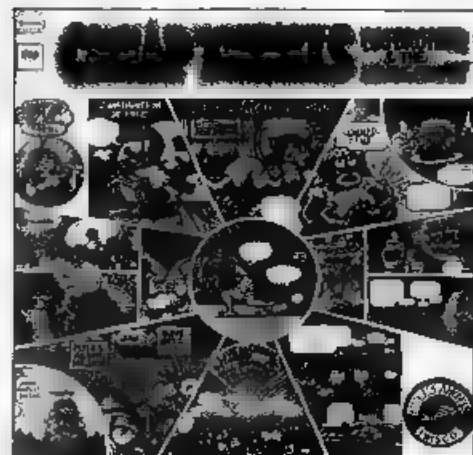
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the most inspired brainchild of singer/songwriter/keyboardist Al Kooper, who put the band together along with Steve Katz after their previous group, the Blues Project, broke up. The song selection is brilliant, the arrangements superb, and the band, which included trumpeters Randy Brecker and Jerry Weiss, trombonist Dick Halligan and saxophonist Fred Lipsius, the perfect compromise between jazz chops and pop slickness. Kooper and a few of the others left and the band went on to make lesser albums that were better sellers.



*Bitches Brew*, Miles Davis (Columbia CS9995) This record could have been subtitled "School for Fusion." Virtually every major fusion artist, from Chick Corea to Herbie Hancock to John McLaughlin, played in this incarnation of Davis's band, which produced a dense, rewarding music that defied characterization

*Forever Changes*, Love (Elektra EKS 74013) Mad singer/songwriter Arthur Lee led this band through a maelstrom of changes, resting momentarily on this set in a lush pastoral mode particularly suitable to late-night listening.

*The Helio-centric Worlds of Sun Ra Vol 1 & 2* (ESP 1014). Sun Ra's worlds are not of this earth but that doesn't keep this master musician from touching all musical bases in this planet's history at some point. His awesome big band, which is in excellent form here, is led by the brilliant tenor sax stalwart John Gilmore. These discs may not be Sun Ra's finest work (check the LP called *Space Is the Place* sometime), but they give you a good idea where he's coming from.

*Boogie with Canned Heat* (Liberty LST-7541). Musicologists Bob Hite (vocals) and Al Wilson (guitar) made Canned

Heat one of the most interesting blues bands of the '60s, and even hit on a bit of a commercial formula with the haunting "On the Road Again" (included here) and their trademark lengthy boogie (presented in this case as "Fried Hockey Boogie"). But what makes this record so enduring is Wilson's absolutely unique guitar playing vision, which marries blues drones and flatted notes with Indian tonalities even more impressively than Mike Bloomfield's experiments in this direction.

*Streetnoise*, Julie Driscoll, Brian Auger and the Trinity (Atco SD2-701). The best collaboration between vocalist Driscoll and jazz/blues organist Auger includes material as diverse as Nina Simone's "Take Me to the Water," the Doors' "Light My Fire," Richie Havens's "Indian Rope Man," Laura Nyro's "Save the Country" and Miles Davis's "All Blues."



*Let It Bleed*, the Rolling Stones (London NPS4). The Stones cap the '60s appropriately with their finest album. The tracks could be a "Greatest Hits" collection—"Let It Bleed," "Love in Vain," "Midnight Rambler," "Gimme Shelter," "You Got the Silver," "You Can't Always Get What You Want," "Live with Me," "Monkey Man," "Country Honk." *Abbey Road*, the Beatles (Apple SO-383). The last record the Beatles recorded was their best. "Come Together" and "I Want You" frame side one with dense slabs of Lennon sound. Harrison's "Something" is his greatest writing achievement. Side two is the band's ultimate statement, ending with the seamless suite, "You Never Give Me Your Money"/"Sun King"/"Mean Mr. Mustard"/"Polythene Pam"/"She Came in through the Bathroom Window"/"Golden Slumbers"/"Carry That Weight"/"The End." □

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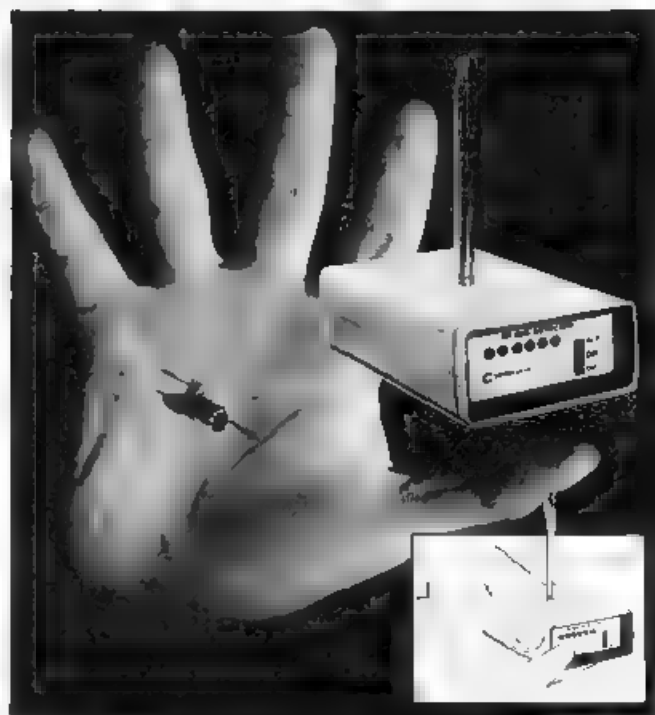
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these horrible hate looks.

And they sit us down at a table and he says, "Yeah, these are friends of mine and I met these guys and we were all in jail together and these are all ex-con friends of mine, jailbirds—real good fellows." And Brian is sitting there and he's got this sheepskin coat on and he goes over and he makes over to the jukebox and he puts a dime in and he just pushes any button at random and a B.B. King record comes on—"Sweet Little Angel." And Brian just loves this song. And he sits down at the table. And he's listening and he's going, "Oh, I love this song. 'Sweet Little Angel.' Oh, I love it." And then he starts vomiting. And he vomits all over himself. And he vomits all over the table. And the waitress comes to clean it up and he vomits on the waitress and the pool of vomit is sneaking across the table over to where the guy is originally going to show us off. The black guy is a real clothes-conscious guy, and the barf is falling on his clothes. And he's trying to get away from the table. At the same time he's trying to placate the waitress and all of the patrons who he's been trying to impress by bringing his three white friends, ex-cons, into the bar. And Brian just sits there and I say, "Brian, don't you think it would be a good idea if you went to the men's room and sort of cleaned up?" And he just sits there and he doesn't say anything. He just vomits more. And he just keeps vomiting. And vomiting and vomiting.

And the place is just swimming in this pool of spew and Brian is sitting there—like he's in a sauna bath or something. And he's sitting there and he's going, "I sure love B.B. King. Don't you?" Meanwhile, the owner of the bar comes over and he says to the black guy, "Your friend here. Do you mind getting him out of here?" And Brian comes up and he puts his arms around the owner and he rubs vomit all over the guy's clothes. He goes, "I love B.B. King. Don't you love B.B. King too?" So we get back in the car and Brian is just covered in vomit and he smells horrible—he smells like an old urinal. It's like an animal crawled into his mouth, took a shit and died. That's what he smells like. So we drive to a club called Mother Blues on the North Side. We figure if this black guy is going to take us to his bar, we're going to take him to our bar. So we drive to this club called Mother Blues on the North Side and we

get in there and the black guy is immediately entranced. He's never seen so many white women in one place in his life. He's going crazy. He's pussy-mad. But the club won't let Brian in, he's covered with vomit.

The next day, we go to cop from the black guy, and this time we want to cop a goodly amount of pot. So he drives us to about 100 locations and nothing is happening at every location. And finally we get to this one place just waiting in the car; we're waiting in the car 40 minutes. He comes back and he throws this stuff at us and it's this big bundle of stuff and it's obviously catnip. It's not pot, it's not related to pot in any way. It's catnip.

And the guy says, "Dynamite shit." And I say, "Man, it's catnip. I'm going to tell the guy that you're an ex-con, you're staying at this ex-con rehabilitation place, I'm going to tell him not only you're a pot dealer but you're selling us bad stuff." He says, "Okay, tell them whatever you want, but to me it's the best pot I ever had in my life." So we trot him off to the ex-con rehabilitation place and we go into the priest that runs the place's office and we smoke catnip there and we realize it's catnip. We bring the guy in there and we say "Listen, in front of this crucifix here I want you to tell me this is pot." He looks and he says, "Brothers, dis is the best I can do. Brothers, I've done my final shot, this is the best I can do. And if you don't like it, ain't nothing I can do for you." He said, "But, please, whatever you do, don't leave it here where the father can find it." He says, "If the father finds it, I'll be back in jail." And I say, "Okay, we aren't going to leave it where the father can find it." So we're stuck with the catnip. We pick up the catnip, we go home. I got burned; my best friend got burned; my insane friend, Brian, he got burned. And the ex-con, I don't know what he got out of it. Maybe just a puked-on suit.

**S**o that's coping. It's funny, when I used to read early William Burroughs books I would see the word coping and I never knew what it meant. For years I thought it meant coping. Finally, I know what coping means. Coping means coping. It means obtaining what you need to get you through whatever you got to get through. And it's usually the day or the night.

*Editor's Note: Michael Bloomfield was a world-famous guitarist and songwriter. He died in February of 1981, of an apparent heroin overdose.*



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# ZEN BASTARD

continued from page 41

early 1968. And, on the advice of a pair of numerologists, publisher Peter Joseph Leggeri changes his middle name to Fred.

In San Francisco, coeditor of the *Oracle*, Allen Cohen, changes his name to Siddhartha, only to have the members of his commune refer to him as Sid.

In Houston, standup comic Hugh Romney is lying down on the stage at a music festival. B.B. King steps over him, saying "What's this, wavy gravy?" And Hugh Romney becomes Wavy Gravy.

In India, Richard Alpert becomes Baba Ram Dass.

In America, John F. Kennedy becomes an airport.

Malcolm X becomes a park.

Martin Luther King becomes a library.

Robert Kennedy becomes a freeway.

In Haight-Ashbury, Emmett Grogan complains about his identity problem. The Zen Bastard promises to write him out of existence to relieve his anxiety.

"The Diggers are a cross between the Mad Bomber and Johnny Appleseed: a combination of Lenny Bruce and Malcolm X, the illegitimate offspring resulting from the seduction of Mary Worth by an acidic anarchist.

"Their leader doesn't exist and his name is Emmett Grogan, a hoax unwittingly played upon you by the underground press and the establishment press. Even *Ramparts* was tricked into using the photo of a member of the San Francisco Mime Troupe.

"Emmett Grogan is the generic term for an existential hero of our time..."

As a result, many young people started calling themselves Emmett Grogan.

In Chicago, the real Emmett Grogan is stopped by a highway patrolman who asks to see his driver's license. The officer refuses to believe that Emmett Grogan is Emmett Grogan.

## The Tale of the Yippie Empire

It is an organic coalition of psychedelic dropouts and political activists. The Zen Bastard provides a name for this phenomenon—the Yippies—from which come the initials YIP, from which in turn comes the organization, Youth International Party. The media, after all, need something to call this pelvic movement.

YIPES! headlines a Chicago paper, THE YIPPIES ARE COMING!

The FBI provides Chicago authorities with misinformation that the Yippies

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are planning political assassinations, a tactic bound to foment police rioting. Cynics give the Yippies credit for electing Richard Nixon.

Phil Ochs supports Bobby Kennedy for president, to the chagrin of Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin. The Yippies are supposed to be against all candidates, aren't they?

Yet there is no Yippie party line. Individual Yippies must find their own balance: between Kill Your Parents and Turn Your Parents On; between Don't Trust Anybody Over 30 and Ageism; between Let It Be and Do It!

By going to Wall Street and throwing real money in the stock market, the Yippies are using an old CIA technique: If you can manipulate events, you don't have to manipulate the media.

Four years later Richard Nixon is running against George McGovern. Now Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin and Ed Sanders collaborate on a book titled *Vote!* It is copyrighted in the name of Yippie, Inc.

They have gone and copyrighted a myth!

Warner Paperback publishes the book—but after the election.

A true Yippie action

Ed Sanders becomes an investigative poet, seeking out the truth about the Manson family, cattle mutilations and the Eagles.

Abbie Hoffman introduces somebody who wants to buy cocaine to somebody who wants to sell cocaine, and he gets arrested for conspiracy.

Jerry Rubin puts on a suit and tie and goes to Wall Street. Latter-day Yippies throw money in the stock market again, only this time Jerry Rubin invests it.

## The Tale of

### Charlie Manson's Family

On the "Phil Donahue Show," the president of the National Organization for Women, Eleanor Smeal, says that she does not know how the story of burning bras got started.

But the Zen Bastard was there

In 1968 at the Miss America Pageant in Atlantic City, there occurs the first contemporary feminist demonstration. One of the plans is to fill a trash can with symbols of oppression of women, including brassieres. However, an ordinance prohibits the burning of any objects on the boardwalk.

Nevertheless, the image remains, if not the reality.

Charles Manson tries to explain the final motivation behind his family's acts of multiple murder: "Throughout history, in every civilization where the

women have struggled to attain their equal rights, the men have tried to destroy that civilization."

The Zen Bastard visits imprisoned Manson family members. He conducts a workshop in creative journalism, sponsored by the History of Consciousness Department at the University of Santa Cruz. A graduate student brings an old campy film about dating.

Upon hearing this, Leslie van Houten, former high-school beauty queen with an X scarring her forehead, perks up "Oh, good," she says. "Anything with touching."

This, from one who has indulged in the ultimate perversion of touching.

Susan Atkins asks who is really running things in this country. She has since become a born-again Christian and married an unemployed mullionaire who says he has hired 18 attorneys to obtain her release.

"She's gonna be out a hell of a lot sooner than anyone thinks."

But Susan Atkins is not granted parole.

Perhaps she will sue her husband for breach of promise.

Meanwhile, you can now purchase a bra to make you look like you're not wearing a bra.

## The Tale of John Lennon's Joint

Building on a foundation of solid paranoia, Richard Nixon develops an intelligence unit within the White House. It is possible that the CIA, ever competitive, brings about his fall from power by throwing the Watergate break-in.

While the mass media still refer to Watergate as a caper and a third-rate burglary, the *Realist* prepares to publish an article by assassination researcher Mae Brussell, titled, "Why Was Martha Mitchell Kidnapped?"—delineating the conspiratorial personnel and *modus operandi*.

But the printer wants \$5,000 cash in advance. The Zen Bastard does not have it, but feels insanely confident. He goes home, and the phone rings. It's Yoko Ono. She is now married to John Lennon and they are visiting San Francisco. The three meet for lunch. The Zen Bastard brings proof-sheets of the article. They go to the bank, withdraw \$5,000 cash and the *Realist* goes to press.

Well, the Zen Bastard can rationalize all the myriad factors which have logically brought this moment to fruition, but the timing of this coincidence is so exquisite that it might as well be mystical.

Yoko Ono and John Lennon spend a weekend with the Zen Bastard. While they are smoking marijuana, John Lennon is absentmindedly holding onto the joint. The Zen Bastard asks if they say, "Don't bogart that joint" in England, or is it only an American expression, since Humphrey Bogart was an American actor and the term derives from the way he would let a cigarette dangle from his lips in the movies.

John Lennon smiles and says, "In England, if you remind somebody to pass, you automatically lose your turn."

Who could predict that he would be killed by someone who would blame—or worse, credit—J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*, as if to pave the way for future book burners?

The news of John Lennon's assassination rushes suddenly at the Zen Bastard through his TV set, on top of which rests Yoko Ono's alarm clock.

## The Tale of Tim Leary's Shirt

Tim Leary predicts that some day people will be walking on kitchen linoleum whose design was once somebody's acid vision. That some day is here now, and Tim Leary is wearing a shirt with a little alligator on it, debating G. Gordon Liddy, the man who raided his Millbrook vision.

We all seem to become parodies of ourselves, the Zen Bastard not excluded. He is now a single parent, living with his teenage daughter. A call comes from a lover of the Zen Bastard who lives in another city. She is thinking of visiting him. She says that she has a fantasy of being tied up and spanked by him.

Although the Zen Bastard is non-violent, he has absorbed contemporary rhetoric that one should always pay attention to the desires of one's sexual partner.

"Okay, I'll do it," he says, "but I'll stop whenever you say stop."

"Oh, no," she says. "It's the vulnerability that turns me on."

"Yes, but it's fake vulnerability, because you trust me."

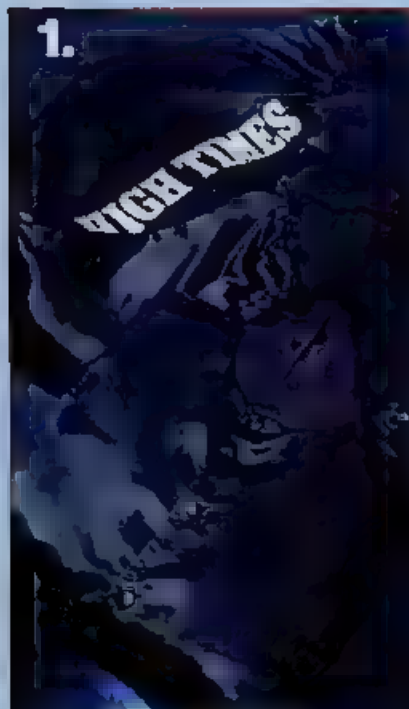
Will the Zen Bastard end up spanking her in one room, while in another room sleeps his daughter who was responsible for getting him booted on the "Mike Douglas Show" for saying he does not spank her?

Is this to be the culmination of his spiritual quest? □

Paul Krassner's latest book is *Tales of Tongue Fu*, available from the author at Box 14667, San Francisco, CA 94114. \$5.75 includes postage and an intimate inscription of your choice.

# HIGH TIMES HIGH TIMES HIGH

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M I N I - S I Z E

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